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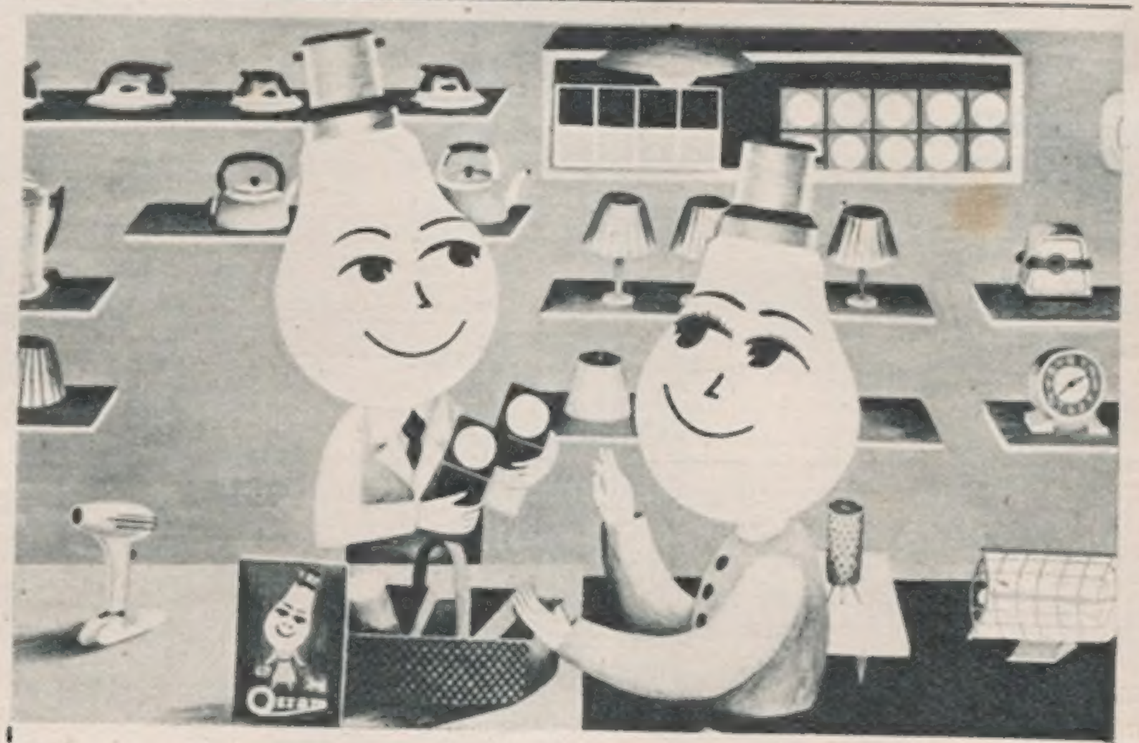

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Kendal Burt and James Leasor joined forces to record the escape of a German prisoner

FROM 1946 to 1948 Harry Kendal Burt, an English ex-journalist, was serving on special duties with the United States Army in Berlin. Three years later he was researching the story of Franz von Werra, a German fighter pilot who escaped back to Berlin after being shot down over Kent. "I discovered that von Werra had lived in a house only two doors from the one in which I had been billeted," he says.

That is not the only coincidence connected with *The One That Got Away*, the story of von Werra's astonishing escape, which begins on page 13. Some time after Burt started his researches, James Leasor, a Fleet Street journalist, also began inquiries into the von Werra case. Each believed himself to be the only person working on the story.

Burt traced von Werra's routes in Britain, visited Germany, talked to von Werra's former colleagues and eventually met Frau von Werra. Some time later, Leasor's inquiries also led him to Frau von Werra. In Frankfurt his trail crossed Burt's. The two writers got together and agreed to co-operate on one book.

The One That Got Away is Burt's first book. Hit by the depression while still in his teens, he took whatever jobs he was offered. He has been a lorry driver, a navvy, a butcher's roundsman, a factory worker, and for some years was a translator in London.

Now, at forty-two, he is working on another book—"about the most famous German escaper in Canada."

Leasor, who is thirty-two, has written several non-fiction books, "two terribly amateurish novels," and television scripts. Next year he has a new book appearing—*The Red Fort*, a reconstruction of the Indian Mutiny. For seven years, Leasor was a reporter, features writer and foreign correspondent on a national newspaper. He resigned last year to concentrate on his own writing.

ELSPETH HUXLEY returned last Saturday to Kenya, the setting for many of her stories, to visit her seventy-one year old mother, who still runs a farm. She left behind a new African novel, soon to be published, and the story *Son Of Calypso* on page 16, based on farm life as she sees it in Wiltshire. "The story could be a reflection of a day-dream," she says. "I've watched many cattle shows—but you need a lot of capital to show prize cattle successfully."

Mrs. Huxley, who is forty-nine, was educated in Nairobi, at Reading University, and in the U.S.A. She married Gervas Huxley in 1931, and they have a twelve-year-old son.

"Keeping a strict routine in the country isn't easy," she says. "I write until midday, and then turn to the farm. With this year's poor harvest, there's plenty to think about."

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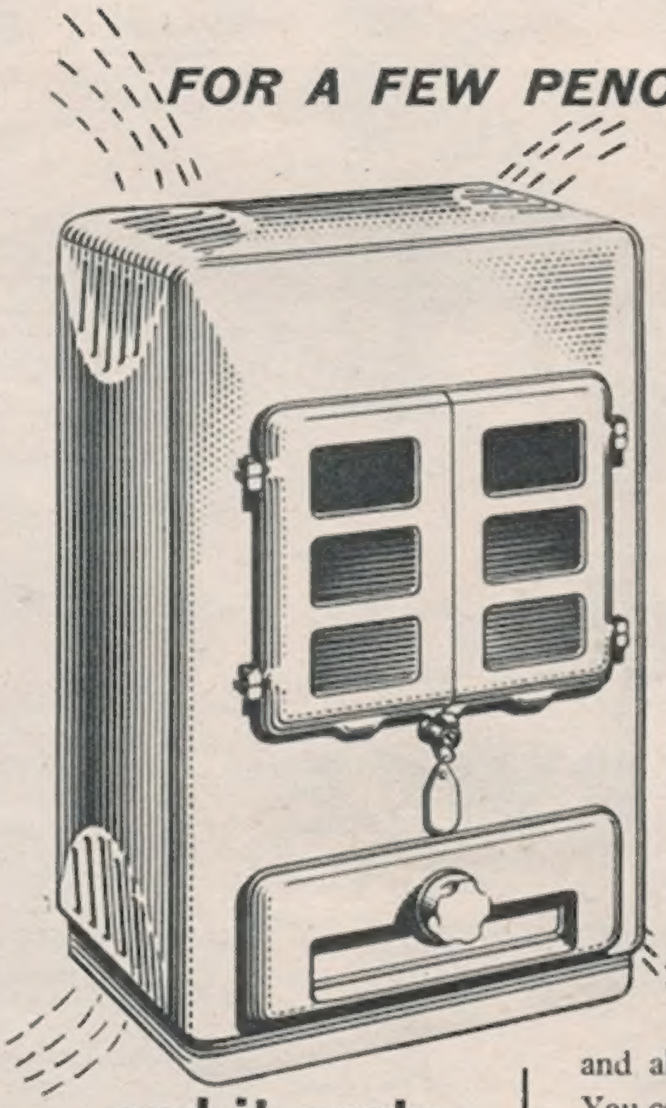

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Free Speech

- **Husbands don't make hobbies pay**
- **When parishioners break the law**
- **The healing hand is never off duty**

WHY is it, I wonder, that a woman's hobbies are usually practical and, in the long run, money savers?

I do sewing and knitting as a relaxation—both of them great money savers—and other women I know make artificial flowers, jewellery, leather goods, and do home printing and gardening. All of them make a profit from their hobbies.

Their husbands' hobbies, on the other hand—golf, football, fishing, darts at the "local," and modelling—all entail spending money. Even the husband who made models was horrified at the thought of selling them, and the one who did gardening just laughed when his wife suggested making a small charge for the plants he gave away.

Perhaps it is because a man spends most of his day making money, and likes his hobby to be just that, with no cash involved. Or are we women more mercenary at heart?—MRS. J. S., Nottingham.

Current Danger

Many accidents, some fatal, are caused each year in this country by electricity. These figures would be reduced, I feel sure, if electricity were supplied at 110 volts, instead of the standard 230 volts or thereabouts. In the U.S.A. electricity is supplied at 110 volts without any apparent inefficiency; so why not here?—J. D., Preston, Lancs.

In England and Wales between 1949 and 1954, accidents in the home involving electricity caused 242 deaths—about forty a year.

"It is true that in the U.S.A. and other countries there are lower voltages and that these are safer," says the Central Electricity Authority. "Some areas of Britain have a lower voltage than the standard, but the cost of a general changeover would be prohibitive."

The Hard Way

When I was in Hongkong I saw two men sawing a large tree trunk into planks by hand—a long, tedious task

as my photograph suggests. Those who take the circular saw for granted might reflect on the lot of their oriental cousins and be thankful for this useful piece of machinery.—JOHN EYETT, Newdigate Street, Nottingham.

Doctors' Pledge

Antony Ferry ("Radio Doctors on Patrol," JOHN BULL, September 15) says that G.P.s are bound under the National Health Service Act to answer calls from their patients at any hour of the night.

Surely the obligation of a doctor to aid the sick at all times is incurred by his allegiance to a code of behaviour set down long before the introduction of the National Health Service.—VICTOR PETTIFER, Kingsgate Road, London, N.W.6.

"The oath of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, which is still formally sworn in a number of medical schools, and implicitly recognized by all others, was the first definition of the duty of a doctor towards his patients," says a doctor. "Its application has been accepted for centuries; all the National Health Service Act does is to incorporate the traditional practice in a more formal, modern, contractual form."

Vicar's Warning

We moved to our new house from another town some weeks ago, and recently we received a visit from the local vicar. I told him that we were

not regular churchgoers, but he said jokingly that we ought to go if only to avoid disobeying the law, which says that everyone must attend. I was sceptical about this, but he assured me that it is true.—B. L. A., Lancashire.

Under the Act of Uniformity, 1552, members of the Church of England are still required by law to attend divine service on Sundays.

In 1583, a Richard White of Wrexham was forcibly carried to church, but he made so much noise by rattling his chains that the preacher could not be heard. He was fined a total of £140—the penalty for not attending church on twenty Sundays—and put into the stocks.

Birds Beware

I have often been puzzled, in many parts of the country, by corks which I have seen spaced out at intervals along telephone wires. I wonder what they are for.—M. TAYLOR, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

"These are put on telephone wires to make them visible to birds so that they won't fly into and damage the wires or injure themselves," says the Post Office. "These corks can often be seen on wires which happen to be near pigeon lofts."

Key Pattern

Many years ago I found a front-door key. It was never claimed and I put it into an old drawer. One day my wife and I bought a house and when clearing out the drawer in moving, I must have slipped the old key in my pocket, for a few weeks later I found I had opened the front door with it. Comparing this key, my own key and my wife's, I saw that all three numbers were identical.—S. WEBSTER, Beckminster Road, Wolverhampton.

"In theory about 750,000 changes are possible in tumbler-lock mechanisms," says a key manufacturer. "But so that there will be a sufficiently substantial and safe difference in the patterns, we use only about 250,000. Some patterns are bound to be repeated, therefore, but care is always taken to see that patterns are not repeated in the same

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Free Speech

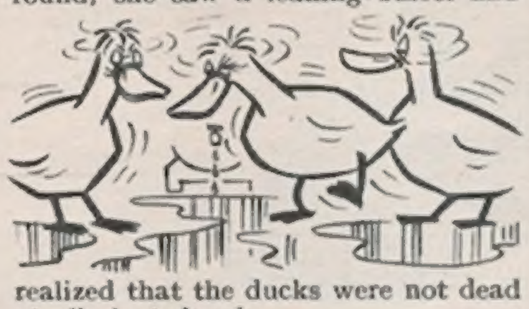
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

batch of keys. Several keys will bear the same number, for the number applies, not to the individual lock, but to its pattern."

Chilly Hangover

While on holiday in the Lake District we came across an inn called the Drunken Duck, at Barngate.

It got its name from a story involving the old lady who kept the inn and who kept not only barrels of beer, but ducks in the cellar. One day she discovered all the ducks lying down, seemingly dead, and she began plucking them. To her horror, after she had plucked six of them, they began to come to life. Looking round, she saw a leaking barrel and



realized that the ducks were not dead at all, just drunk.

Overcome with remorse, she knitted them all little kilts and jerseys of Hawkshead yarn to keep them warm.—Mrs. M. E. I., Hants.

Better With Age

Recently I visited my two brothers, aged seventy-three and eighty-three, and I was amazed to see the elder one comfortably reading a newspaper without the aid of glasses. He told me that neither he nor his brother has ever needed them.

But I always wore glasses between the ages of fifty-six and eighty. I am now nearing eighty-five and have been able to discard them and can see quite well without them.—Mrs. L. Blackwell, Polegate, Sussex.

"Many people are able to live long lives without needing spectacles," says a doctor. "But some people who have worn spectacles, perhaps for many years, can dispense with them as they get old, for advancing age brings about changes in the eyeball which improve near vision."

Bloodless History

What fearsome records of bloodshed are represented by most of the examination dates mentioned by Mrs. Hatherley ("Free Speech," August 11), and what a questionable method of teaching history! It has taken me thirty years to overcome my repugnance of this part of the school curriculum, as the only date I could ever remember was 1066.

Only recently have I realized what a gloriously fascinating subject history can be, particularly when it embraces the wider field of industry and economic progress.—D. A. E. Oubridge, Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

Here are some milestones in the industrial and economic field: A.D. 808, first bank established in Italy; 1285, spectacles invented; 1379, playing cards invented; 1444, printing invented; 1563, English first used table knives; 1622, first English newspaper; 1641, coffee introduced; 1693, national debt begun; 1694, Bank of England incorporated; 1712, Thomas Newcomen made the first steam engine; 1767, Hargreaves invented the spinning jenny; 1769, James Watt's first steam patent; 1816, Britain adopted the gold standard.

Being Prepared

I was interested to learn that an American town has traffic lights controlled from the fire station ("Free Speech," September 8). But in Hull we have had the system for some years. When there is a fire, the traffic lights on the main road and in the city centre are switched to red and indicators light up to show the words: "Fire Engine Coming." Simultaneously, a bell rings loudly and the signs are held until the fire engine has passed out of the area.—A. Derrick, Cottingham, Hull, Yorks.

Rate For The Job

I find it difficult to believe that less than half a local authority's income comes from rates ("Free Speech," September 1).

My current rate demand shows a total of 19s. 11d. in the £ for rates, which leaves a balance of 16s. 7d. in the £ to be paid by the ratepayers after amounts received under the Local Government Act 1948 have been deducted. The main items are education, highways and bridges and the police—services for which the government has already levied taxes in the form of income tax, road tax and purchase tax.—W. E. Jones, Charnwood Drive, South Woodford, London, E.18.

The total revenue for all local authorities in the country last year amounted to £1,189 million, of which rates accounted for £476 million, or forty per cent. The balance was made up of government grants (£469 million, or 39.5 per cent), trading income, rental income from houses and other land and buildings, and interest.

Do We Skim?

It is quite easy to show that even the speed at which the ordinary person reads means that many words are not actually read at all ("Reading Beats The Clock," John Bull, September 8). In the following passage, count the number of F's. Count them only once and don't go back or count them again: FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULTS OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.—P. C. Brindley, Beaumont Road, Petts Wood, Kent.

The answer: six.

Journey Of Fear

My most memorable summer holiday was an excursion to the monasteries of Meteora in Central Greece. On this trip I spent moments I shall never forget with my arms wrapped round the neck of a mule which would insist on walking along the outer edge of the road and of every precipice we encountered. Every now and again the hooves of the wretched animal slipped slightly and kicked small stones down the very steep cliffs. I could only shut my eyes and hold on more tightly.

Some of the monasteries of Meteora are six hundred years old and are built on rocks which reach a height of three hundred feet. "Rope ladder or net?" asked the monk who welcomed me. "Net, please," I whispered, exhausted. Thereupon I was placed in a big net and lifted to the top of the rock by means of a winch. Never again!—P. S. Plytas, Feltham, Middlesex.

Lifeboat Volunteers

I agree that our sailors and lifeboatmen are worthy of the best equipment and service ("Free Speech," September 8), but the skipper of a frequently used lifeboat told me that the Royal National Lifeboat Institution crews prefer to work on a voluntary basis, for only then can they be sure that the right type of man will join them. Otherwise men might serve for the payment only and not be too keen to be roused from their beds in bad weather. Talk of "turns" and "shifts" would arise, and there

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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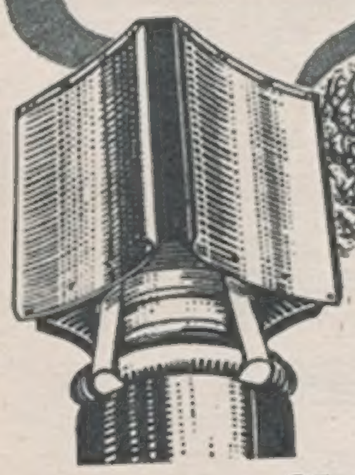

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

might even be a strike when the maroons went off.

Recently an R.N.L.I. man, referring to the youngsters in his crew, said to me: "They were all cradled in boats and were weaned on sea water like their fathers before them." These are the men we need, and it is up to us to give all the support we can, both monetary and moral.—MRS. M. WILTON, Higher Poynton, near Stockport, Cheshire.

Vote For Truth

The town of Truth Or Consequences, whose postmark you reproduced ("Free Speech," September 8), used to be called Hot Springs.

The name was changed when Ralph Edwards, a television and radio producer, was planning the tenth anniversary of his programme *Truth Or Consequences*, in 1950. He suggested that his show might be so popular in some town that its citizens would agree to changing its name to Truth Or Consequences. Hot Springs, New Mexico, was among the contenders, complaining that it was often confused with Hot Springs, Arkansas. An election was held in which the residents of Hot Springs, New Mexico, voted in favour of the new name by 1,294 votes to 295.—G. T. BURTON, Finchley, N.3.

Currency Link

Even with the Queen's head reproduced on them, two sixpences were refused by a bus conductor—because they were South African. But the Roman Empire stood for no nonsense: Caesar's head had to be recognized and accepted or else you soon lost your own. I think it would serve to unify the Commonwealth and Empire if there were a common coinage. — A. E. WHITESTONE, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

"At present, coinage is made legal by individual territories for use in those territories only," says the Royal Mint. "But it is possible—and it has been done—to make United Kingdom coins legal tender in other territories, if they have no coins of their own. The Australians used our coins until they issued their own in 1911."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £100 cash FREE for a title for this week's cover

SINCE JOHN BULL began publishing its famous cover pictures in 1946, thousands of readers have written complimentary letters about one of the magazine's most popular features. Now JOHN BULL'S covers figure in a new competition, in which a weekly cash prize of £100 is being offered *free* to the sender of the best cover picture title consisting of not more than eight words.

When you have decided on a title, cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 3 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, October 15, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

ANOTHER FREE £100 COVER COMPETITION NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

MOTHER might even have polished the floor with vanilla ice-cream for all the notice taken by a young man who's deep in this week's thrilling adventures. A head in the clouds, it seems, means feet disastrously on the floor. But in cases like this a little psychology can do wonders for housemaid's knee. Mother should point out that the crew will be confined to spaceship if the galley doesn't stay spotless. And Chittock, the artist, says she should be grateful for her son's help. There's nothing like a few footprints to show off the rest of the kitchen floor.

Grab this infant, will you?

Don't want him fingering the paintwork
before it's dry!
Especially as father has taken trouble
to see it all looks so bright and cheerful.
But when the job's finished
everyone can sit back and relax,
knowing that *this* room will keep its fine finish
for a very long time to come. All because
they chose 'Dulux' for the woodwork and 'Du-lite'
for the walls and ceilings
— paints that are backed by
the technical resources of I.C.I.
If *you* are thinking of painting, choose your paints
from the following:

DULUX *Gloss Finish for indoors and out.*

DULUX *Eggshell Finish for walls and woodwork inside where delicate texture is required.*

DULUX *Flat Finish for walls and ceilings inside where a true matt finish is needed.*

DU-LITE *Emulsion Paint for quick results on ceilings and walls where a satin smooth appearance is wanted.*

Your home deserves good paint.

ICI

DDT.50

Mmm! That savour. That flavour. That zesty aroma. They can't resist it. OXO tastes super in soups and stews, in meat puddings and pies and savoury gravies. It puts new life into left-overs. *AND*, for the most heartening hot drink you'll ever find, crumble an OXO Cube in a cup and add hot water. Just as easy as that! Make sure you always have plenty of OXO Cubes.

Young Johnny
never did like stew
And always made a great to-do,
Till Mum popped Oxo in the pot
Then, double-quick, he scoffed
the lot

The flavoury cube OXO CUBE of savoury fame!

OXO LTD. THAMES HOUSE. LONDON E.C.4

The unique prescription for COLDS and FLU

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If you have these symptoms

SNEEZING · SHIVERING
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Take a Beecham's Powder the moment you feel a cold coming on—and the worst symptoms are soon under control. It is the formula of Beecham's Powders which makes them a unique prescription. And because of their fine powder form, they are quickly absorbed, speedy in action. Always keep Beecham's Powders handy.

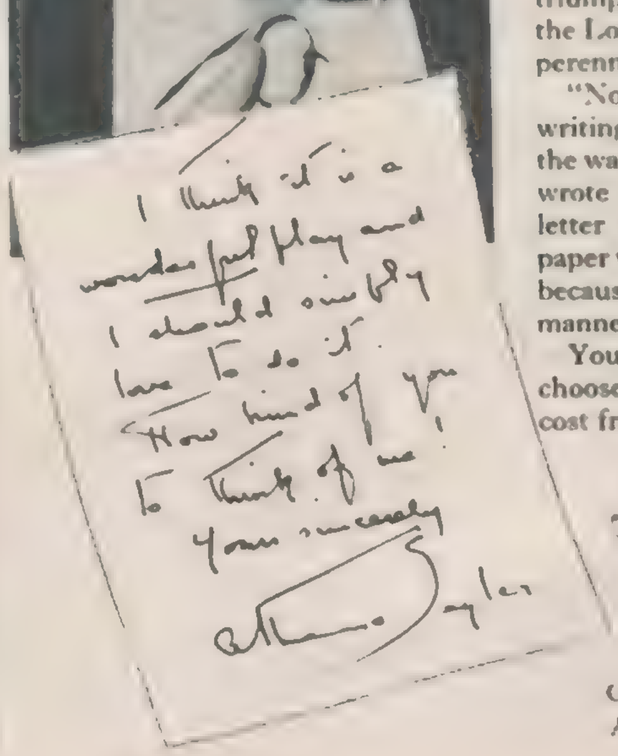
NEW FAMILY SIZE

In response to popular demand, a new family size pack of Beecham's Powders is now on sale at 4/-. *Beecham's Powders are also sold in cartons at 1/9d. or loose at 2 powders for 5½d., and in tablet form at 1/9d and 4/- per bottle.*

For COLDS & CHILLS FEVERISHNESS RHEUMATIC PAINS HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

Take BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

Miss ATHENE SEYLER, one of our most delightful and distinguished actresses, chooses Basildon Bond



LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

"This letter brought me my first West End role"

says

ATHENE SEYLER

"You never know which letters will turn out to be important ones," Miss Seyler goes on. "For instance, in 1924 I wrote a letter that had very happy consequences for me.

"I'd been asked to read the script of a new play called 'The Mask and the Face.' It proved brilliant and what's more there was a small character part that suited me very well. I wrote off most humbly saying how glad I would be to appear. To my astonishment (and delight!) I found I was to have the leading role—Savina!"

That wonderful part took Athene Seyler in triumph from the Everyman in Hampstead to the London theatre where she has remained a perennial success for over thirty years.

"Nothing gives me greater pleasure than writing letters," says Miss Seyler. "During the war, I wrote at least two every day. I even wrote my book 'The Craft of Comedy' in letter form. Naturally I choose my writing paper with care. I prefer to use Basildon Bond because it gives my letters the sort of well-mannered look that I like."

Your letters will look elegant, too, if you choose Basildon Bond. Buy some today—pads cost from 1/1d; matching envelopes from 8d.

Basildon Bond

CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE
A John Dickinson Product

Beginning the amazing story of Franz von Werra, the German prisoner of war who fooled half the world

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

THURSDAY, September 5, 1940, was another of the hot, calm and almost cloudless days which provided a backcloth to the drama being staged over the fields of southern England. The countryside shimmered under a liquid haze. On the farms of Kent, over which the main engagements of the Battle of Britain were being fought, hop-picking was well under way, and a start had been made on gathering the main crops of hard fruit.

A formation of German bombers which had raided the Croydon area was making for home. Six thousand feet above weaved the escort, thirty Messerschmitt 109s of No. 2 *Gruppe*, Third Fighter *Geschwader*. Flying at the head of the *Gruppe* was its *Kommandeur*, Hauptmann (Flight Lieutenant) Erich von Selle. Immediately behind him, to the left and the right, flew his two staff officers, Leutnant (Pilot Officer) Heinrich Sanneman, Technical Officer, and Oberleutnant (Flying Officer) Franz von Werra, Adjutant.

Von Werra heard an urgent voice on his radio. *"Achtung! Achtung!* Four to six Tommies above and behind, coming in to attack!"

The voice of von Selle broke in: "Keep formation! Wait!"

As he spoke, three Spitfires, diving almost vertically, flashed ahead of the formation, crashing through the top fighter screen to attack the bombers below. He dived to port, the others following—but a stream of bullets hit von Werra's machine.

Von Werra rolled to starboard away from his comrades and dived steeply. Then he levelled off, glancing behind. A Spitfire was on his tail. He went into a tight defensive turn, trying vainly to get the British fighter into his gunsight. His earphones had gone dead, and

Completely hidden by the other prisoners, von Werra dropped into the field. The plan had worked—so far

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURENT

the note of his engine was off-key. Eyeing the Spitfire, he gingerly opened the throttle. The engine responded sluggishly. A moment later it spluttered, picked up and spluttered again.

Von Werra lost height rapidly. He was completely cut off from his formation. He spiralled down in defensive turns, the Spitfire still on his tail, now and again firing short bursts.

Shortly after 10 a.m., he just cleared some trees on Winchet Hill, south of Maidstone in Kent, and crash-landed in a field a quarter of a mile away. He ploughed up the stubble before coming to rest in a cloud of dust.

For a few tense seconds nothing happened.

Then he pulled off his leather helmet, hoisted himself out of the cockpit and jumped off a wing on to the ground.

Soldiers from a nearby searchlight battery hurried towards him. As soon as he noticed them, he took some papers from the breast pocket of his uniform and squatted down. The men saw a flicker of flame and a wisp of smoke on the ground in front of him. The leading soldier evidently thought the German was trying to set fire to the aircraft, for he shouted and started running. The pilot glanced up and unfolded the papers to make them burn more quickly. They were effectively destroyed.

The first to reach von Werra was an unarmed cook. Hard on his heels came several of his fellow-soldiers, carrying rifles.

The searchlight men were pleased with themselves, for they thought that it was their Lewis gun which had shot down the Messerschmitt. They were even more gratified when they saw thirteen "notches" painted below the swastika on the fin of the plane. They obviously represented victories claimed by the pilot.

Von Werra was thoroughly searched. Everything found in his pockets, together with his identity disc and wrist watch, was placed in his helmet. Two men were detailed to guard the aircraft, and the remainder set off across the field towards the searchlight battery. The prisoner walked a few paces ahead, covered by rifles. He walked slowly, with studied nonchalance, one hand in his trouser pocket.

High above, he could hear the Heinkels, Dorniers and Junkers flying home with their Messerschmitt escorts. In little more than half an hour the pilots would be pulling off their

The Messerschmitt in which von Werra crash-landed after being shot down over Kent. On the tail are thirteen "notches," each signifying a victory which he claimed

helmets, lighting cigarettes, and strolling towards the huts and tents on the advanced airfields in the Pas-de-Calais.

But he, Franz von Werra, was being led along a cinder track towards the huts of a British searchlight battery. It was absurd.

VON WERRA was taken under armed escort by army vehicle to Kent County Constabulary Headquarters, in Maidstone. Pending the arrival of an R.A.F. field interrogation officer, he was placed in a cell under the charge of Police Constable W. Harrington.

Harrington, who became a sergeant and has since retired to become landlord of a public house in Whitstable, remembers von Werra well.

"I saw many German airmen during those days," he says. "Some were tough and arrogant, others completely deflated by the shock of being taken prisoner. Von Werra was quiet, polite, correct and very much master of himself. He spoke English quite well.

"When I asked him his rank he clicked his heels together and said he was an *oberleutnant* and a baron. As though to prove he was an aristocrat, he showed me the big signet ring he was wearing, bearing some sort of crest and a coronet. He also said he was of Swiss origin, and that his father had owned several castles in Switzerland.

"He said with a laugh that the R.A.F. had prevented him from keeping an important dinner engagement that night."

Harrington's son William was then ten years old and a keen collector of autographs. When he learned that a German fighter ace was in the cells, he made his way into headquarters on the pretext of taking a message to his father. He found von Werra's cell and handed him an autograph book and a pen through the bars, making signs that he should write his name in it.

The entry was made in the comedians' section of the book: on adjacent pages are the signatures of Tommy Handley and Tommy Trinder.

Although von Werra had talked freely to Harrington he refused to give any information other than his name, rank and number to the R.A.F. interrogation officer.

That evening he was handed over to the army and taken to Maidstone Barracks, where he spent the night in a detention cell.

The next morning, an officer and two armed guards called for him and he was bundled into an army truck.

He had recovered quickly from the initial shock of being taken prisoner. His morale had been only temporarily affected and was now high. But the ride from Maidstone to London did much to undermine his confidence.

Neither the guards nor the driver spoke a word the whole way, and the officer, sitting in front, gave only one or two expressionless orders regarding direction.

Von Werra smiled at each of the guards in turn, but they looked straight through him. He would have felt better if they had betrayed hostility. Their aloofness was unnerving.

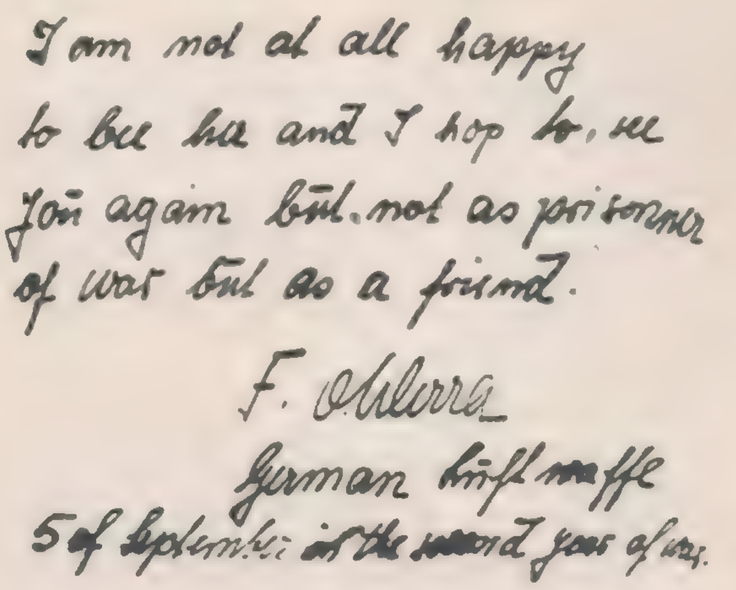
He was curious, even apprehensive, about where he was being taken and what was going to happen to him, but he sensed that it was useless to ask, and that his question would be taken as a sign of weakness. So he held his tongue and tried to appear dignified and unconcerned. He concentrated on the road, trying to guess his destination. He had made about ten operational flights over England before he was shot down, and he had seen anti-tank ditches from the air. But the full extent of the British anti-invasion measures was a revelation to him.

Tall, stout poles had been erected in rows in open fields as anti-glider obstructions. At nearly every bend of the road there were camouflaged pillboxes. Camouflage netting was strung up on poles along hundreds of yards of the concrete

No. 8 Kensington Palace Gardens was part of London Prisoner of War Cage, where von Werra was interrogated

Von Werra and his pet lion cub, Simba, on the cover of a German magazine. They were famous throughout the Luftwaffe

Police Sergeant Harrington, von Werra's first jailer, and his son William . . . who crept into the police cells and got von Werra's autograph (below)


I am not at all happy
to be in a and I hop to see
you again but not as prisoner
of war but as a friend.
F. v. Werra
German Luftwaffe
5 of September in the second year of war.

road at one point, and on the grass verges below the netting were unbroken lines of heavy tanks, armoured cars and Bren-gun carriers.

They passed a small airfield. It seemed to be untouched by bombing, but in one corner there was a huge heap of wrecked German aircraft.

They were entering London now. Von Werra was surprised—and disappointed—to find the shop windows full of goods. He was amazed at the piles of colonial fruits—oranges, grapefruit, bananas and pineapples—in the greengrocers'. (It was not until the following year that imported fruits virtually disappeared from the shops.) The pineapples, a luxury in Germany at the best of times, impressed him almost as much as the anti-invasion measures.

Occasionally, when the truck slowed down, he was recognized by children. They shouted and whistled and gave him exaggerated Nazi salutes. The guards took no notice.

EVENTUALLY, they came to a large park and drove through a gateway into a quiet, tree-lined, private road. The truck stopped in front of a drab, unfriendly looking house. The guards dropped the tailboard.

"*Aussteigen!* (Get out!)" commanded the officer.

Oberleutnant Franz von Werra had arrived at London District Prisoner-of-War Cage in Kensington Palace Gardens. And, as had perhaps been intended, he arrived in a chastened frame of mind.

The serious part of his interrogation was about to begin.

He was ushered into a small office and handed a form, printed in English and German, to fill in. *Like a guest at an hotel,* he thought wryly. He read the form carefully and filled in his name, rank and number. The other spaces, requiring information such as his home address, his unit and Army Post Office numbers and the nature of his mission when captured, he left blank. He wondered how many of the dimmer wits of the Luftwaffe fell for this simple trick to obtain information from the unsuspecting.

Meanwhile, the officer who had brought him from Maidstone handed two sealed envelopes to the Military Police sergeant on duty. One of them was bulky, and von Werra guessed it contained his personal possessions. The other envelope, he thought, probably contained a report from the police and from Maidstone Barracks, where he had spent the night.

The sergeant turned to two soldiers, and said crisply: "Take him to number thirteen."

Von Werra was taken up two flights of steps and along several corridors. The party halted at a door numbered "13." The leading guard unlocked it and the prisoner entered. The lock clicked behind him. He stood listening. Only one pair of footsteps receded down the corridor: one guard had remained outside the door.

The room was fairly large, dimly lit by a small, closed window. A threadbare rug, a deal table, one chair. An unshaded, fly-spotted light bulb hanging from the centre of the cracked, grey, stuccoed ceiling. And that was all, apart from stuffiness and the dry, dusty, resinous smell of old timber.

Von Werra's mind seethed with questions: *What happens next? What do they want from me?* He racked his brains, trying to remember what had been said at a security lecture that had been given to his unit.

The only thing he remembered which seemed to have any bearing on his present position was that permanent prisoner-of-war camps were supposed to be in areas remote from fighting zones. Since London was a target area, this place must be a transit camp. But why so many guards—not ordinary soldiers, but military police?

And why had he been turned over to the army and not to the R.A.F.?

There had been stories of German prisoners being maltreated, tortured even, by the British. Supposing they were true? Supposing, because of the bombing, Britain no longer honoured the Geneva Convention? Supposing he had been brought here for trial?

He suddenly felt very alone. Out of the window, and beyond the coils of barbed wire on top of the wall, he could see a woman pushing a pram. She was leaning forward, smiling and shaking some sort of toy.

IF only he had someone to talk to. He thought of the airfield on the cliff top in the Pas-de-Calais. The pilots would be sitting in deck chairs, sun bathing, while ground crew, in their black denims, serviced the Messerschmitts. Simba, von Werra's pet lion cub, famous now in the Luftwaffe thanks to the pictures in newspapers and magazines, would be padding from one chair to the next. Sanni, the technical officer, his great friend, would wind up the gramophone and play that tango for the umpteenth time.

He happened to see some words scratched on the paint of the window-ledge. Bending closer, he read: IHR WERDET LACHEN, TOMMIES, ABER DEN KRIEG VERLIERT IHR DOCH!—LEUTNANT MANHARD (You can laugh, Tommies, but still you'll lose the war!).

Below, an Oberleutnant Müller had added his signature to the inscription.

Von Werra's spirits rose at once. It was not for nothing that his friends called him Sonny, used in the sense of the British nickname Sunny Jim. Members of the British public whom

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Von Werra planned to escape at this bend in the Lake District road near High Bowkerstead . . . in full view of a guard mounted beside the rocks on the extreme right

Son of Calypso

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Whatever happened, this proud animal would decide Ted's future. It could win him fame . . . or happiness for his wife

TED BENNETT gazed with a mixture of delight and misgiving at his wife's slender figure. She wore a silk summer frock and Parisian-looking sandals with four-inch heels. The effect was magnificent but, perched beside him in the old Land-Rover that spent its life churning along muddy farm tracks, Veronica looked as out of place as an orchid on a refuse dump. He wondered how her feet would feel at the end of the day in a showground spread over fifty acres.

It looked like being fine for the opening of the Royal Western Show. Carouso had gone the night before in Walter Dickson's lorry and under the care of Walter's herdsman. In fact, if it hadn't been for Walter he would never have entered the young bull in a show which drew breeders and buyers from all over the world.

Swinging the Land-Rover into the stream of traffic heading towards the showground, Ted stole another look at his wife. There was an air of suppressed excitement about her. She was staring ahead, a half smile on her lips. Then he noticed there was a letter lying open on her lap. It was in her father's handwriting.

Veronica turned towards him suddenly. "Ted, I've got some news for you," she said. "It's terribly exciting. I hope you won't mind."

"Why should I?"

"Well, it would mean—I shall have to leave you on your own for a fortnight or so."

"You're going away?"

"Daddy's offered to stand me a marvellous holiday. There's a crowd going down to the south of France in two cars—some of the crowd I used to tag around with. Lionel Roberts and his sister are organizing it. It seems too good to miss. You're not angry, Ted?"

"Of course not," Ted said flatly. "You deserve a holiday, and I—well, there we are."

"Sweety!" Veronica smiled at him and squeezed his hand. But a heavy depression came over him at the thought of Veronica going away, and with a young, gay, attractive crowd; her own kind. Lionel Roberts—she used to go everywhere with him at one time. The heart had gone out of the day. . . .

Pennants and banners flying bravely above the showground reminded Ted of pictures of the field of Agincourt or Crécy. Already cars were trickling in to form neat ranks on the green fields, flashing back the sunshine like the breast-plates of cavalry. There was a sound of canned music and the programme-sellers were busy.

Ted and Veronica filed in through the turn-stiles and made their way, along grassy lanes between brilliant-hued machines like giant insects, to the show ring, where Ted settled his wife into her reserved place and strode off to the cattle-lines. It was a relief to find himself among the patient, glossy-coated animals tied up in long marquees, their white-coated attendants fussing round them with buckets of water and brushes, while they munched calmly at their cake and hay; first the cows with their enormous udders, then the deep-bodied, proud-eyed bulls, some snorting and pawing with impatience, some stolidly chewing the cud.

He surveyed them admiringly: such compact, square-framed animals, each shining with health, each perfectly fleshed, each deep and short-legged and as broad-backed as a grand piano. How had he ever had the nerve, the stupid over-confidence, to enter his poor little Carouso, to pit him against world-famous breeders with all the tricks of the trade at their fingertips, with forty years of experience, and with the names of their herds painted boldly in large white letters on the kit-boxes which formed part of every smart herdsman's impedimenta?

"The Stourbridge Herd of Pedigree Friesians"; "The Sopwith Herd of Pedigree Devons." Some beasts even wore rugs with coronets embossed on them. Ted wanted to turn tail and slink away into decent obscurity.

"Well, Ted, taking the Cup home with you?" Walter Dickson's deep voice with its West Country slurring—as full and honest as the man himself—checked his panicky thoughts. Walter was an elderly, thick-set, heavy-shouldered man whose weather-beaten face could belong to none but a seaman or farmer. He was also as shrewd a breeder as existed west of Salisbury Plain.

"Your youngster looks all right," he added. "But he's up against some competition, lad. There's a young bull from the Falcombe herd I rather fancy."

The Falcombe herd belonged to a rich industrialist, Lord Tarlton, whose stock bull had cost two thousand guineas. Ted looked for a long time at the Falcombe entry, whose name was Sunspot. It was hard to fault him, and Ted's spirits again sank.

"It's good of you to look after Carouso," he told Walter. "If there's ever anything I can do. . . ."

"Forget it, Ted. In twenty years, when the Oatridge herd is winning all the cups, you can send some flowers to my funeral."

Walter roared with laughter and looked as immortal as a tree.

CAROUSO snorted when he saw his owner, and tossed his head. Perhaps, in his own class of young bulls, he didn't look too bad, Ted told himself. All the same, it had been a crazy thing to enter him. For Ted, who only three years ago had bought Oatridge Farm because it was cheap and therefore semi-derelict, hadn't the time, money, staff or the experience to prepare the young bull properly. Still, Ted had worked all his life with animals and had a flair for their management and an almost inexhaustible capacity for hard work.

Hard work—that was the trouble, he reflected as he brushed Carouso's satin-shiny coat. To put a run-down farm on its feet with hardly any capital and only Bert, a seventeen-year-old boy, to help, needed an eighteen-hour day and a seven-day week. When he was dead-beat and everything went wrong, even Ted was appalled by the task ahead. No policy, in farming, ripened for at least five or six years.

And yet, Ted wouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for Veronica: the gay, decorative, sociable and altogether unsuitable Veronica, daughter of a rich stockbroker, reared on tennis tournaments and bridge and cocktail parties and men like Lionel Roberts with fast motor-cars, about as cut out to be a farmer's wife as a priceless Sèvres teacup was designed for use in a Naafi canteen.

Why had he ever married Veronica? Everyone had been against it, including Veronica's father. But when you reached a certain point of white-hot intensity there was no going back. And they'd been happy. But. . . .

YES, *but*. While he oiled Carouso's horns he found himself recalling a recent occasion when he'd come upon Veronica in the big, raftered, smoke-pickled kitchen, clumsily attempting to pluck a fowl, a frown of distaste and irritation darkening her smooth, beauty-treated face. Ted didn't laugh. It dismayed him to see her so far out of her element, with her fingers all thumbs.

"Here, give that to me," he said, taking the limp body. "I'll ask Bert to get it done in the village."

She gazed at him with mingled resentment and despair. "Oh, Ted, I'm no good at all at this. I'll never make a proper wife for you. It's work, work, work all day and night and never any fun. And I don't see you from one end of the day to the other. I might as well be married to a—to a—oh, to a tractor, or to one of your precious cows."

He took her in his arms, full of contrition, yet unable to see any way out. Winter or summer, rain or fine, the cows had to be milked and fed and tended, the pigs and fowls cared for, the crops sown and hoed and reaped, the land ever-lastingly ploughed or harrowed, rolled or manured.

"Even if I cook you a nice meal," she wailed, "you come in late and it's ruined. And how can I go on cooking in this dungeon?"

Ted looked round at the big Oatridge kitchen, which he'd always thought particularly fine. Its stone-flagged floor was cool in summer, from its ancient rafters many a side of bacon had hung. It was true that the big range was old-fashioned and devoured fuel, but Ted had taken on the job of lighting it at five each morning before he went out to milk.

"It's about as labour-saving as a four-masted schooner," Veronica added, looking round her

Continued on page 48

Veronica stood with hope in her eyes. Five hundred pounds would release her from drudgery.... No wonder Ted felt his resolution falter

Oyster king of Pudding Lane

by PETER MICHELMORE

Gone are the days when a man ate two hundred oysters at dinner. Now Eric Tabor willingly sells just half a dozen

Colchester's oyster season opens each year with a festival attended by the mayor

Eric Tabor chats to a porter. He was born to the oyster trade

DURING the summer, on a day when the warm, still air made the business at Billingsgate even more evident than usual, Eric Tabor, head of a fish wholesale firm in Pudding Lane, received an urgent request for 12,500 oysters from a firm in Aden. It was planning to celebrate the building of a new oil refinery.

Tabor, the fifty-year-old joint managing director of the firm that still carries the name of his grandfather, George Tabor, was surprised. It was the largest single order of oysters that he had seen in years, and it came at a time when the sale of native English oysters was illegal—the permitted selling season for native oysters is from August 5 to May 13.

But he was prepared. The tanks of synthetic sea-water in the basement of his warehouse were stacked full of prime Portuguese oysters, imported two years previously and now nicely fattened after a spell in the firm's beds at Brightlingsea, Essex.

The men were still busy packing the oysters into wax-sealed pint cartons for refrigerated shipment to Aden when Tabor received his second surprise order. One of the biggest merchants at Billingsgate telephoned for six oysters.

"A local public house is putting on steak, kidney and oyster pudding for lunch," explained the merchant. "They only want six." Tabor made out the bills that night, £235 for the Aden oysters and 1s. 11d. for the local order.

"Anyway," says Tabor, "the order of 12,500 was almost too good to be true. The oyster business has suffered a disastrous decline since I first joined the company some thirty years ago. Single orders for six thousand oysters, which we now occasionally supply to oil companies in the Middle East, were common in the prewar banqueting days in London, but not any more.

"At one time, 100 million oysters were sold each year in Britain. They were cheap and plentiful, the food of the working man. Now the annual sales reach about eight million and oysters are a luxury."

Native oysters are about 8s. a half dozen in the West End bars this season. Before the war the price was 3s. 9d. "Many oyster-lovers have died off and others find them too expensive," says Tabor. "Young people just haven't been able to afford to develop a taste."

Tabor, a lean, soft-spoken man who has been associated with oysters since his boyhood in Brightlingsea, runs the family business with his thirty-two year old cousin, Brian Tabor. "Eric is the oyster king," says Brian. "Oysters are losing their popularity, but Eric is doing his best to keep them going."

The Tabors control about a thousand acres of oyster beds in Brightlingsea and the River Yealm, in Devonshire. These contain five million oysters in varying stages of growth, many of which have been imported young from Portugal and re-bedded for fattening. The Tabors have sold up to 500,000 of these imported oysters to other planters who want to replenish stocks, but most of their annual sale of two million oysters is of oysters for immediate consumption.

"Our annual turnover from oyster sales is about £25,000," says Eric Tabor. "None of this is profit. With all the hazards to oyster farming now, and the declining market, there is no money in it. We do our biggest business with frozen fish."

He still encounters some enthusiasts who refuse to let high prices interfere with their oyster enjoyment. One customer in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, gave an order for three hundred oysters to be flown down for a private dinner party. The air freight trebled the cost of the oysters.

One of Tabor's best clients, Bentley's, in London's West End, once supplied an Ealing resident who sent a taxi to pick up one dozen oysters for his supper. When he is appearing in London, Sir John Gielgud often has a dozen oysters sent to his dressing-room to swallow between acts. A few dozen were also sent by Bentley's to No. 10 Downing Street when Sir Anthony Eden was entertaining Bulganin and Khrushchev to lunch.

When Eric Tabor sends out his oysters—all wholesale at prices ranging from 25s. to 120s. per hundred, depending on size, type and condition—he has no way of knowing the final consumers.

"We supply through the trade," he says. "Our oysters could be served at Buckingham Palace and we wouldn't know it." But he does have the satisfaction of being one of the main

suppliers to Madame Prunier's seafood restaurant in St. James's.

Her regular oyster-eating customers include the Duchess of Kent, Herbert Morrison, Alan Lennox-Boyd, Sir Laurence Olivier, Alec Guinness and Maurice Chevalier. Madame Prunier, like Tabor, says oysters are the best seafood, particularly when sucked raw out of the deep half of the shell with the sea-water. All true connoisseurs have them this way.

Tabor specializes in quick delivery of oysters, made possible by the tanks in his warehouse basement.

"They sustain up to 20,000 oysters at a time," he says. "Synthetic sea-water continually circulates through the forty tanks to simulate a tide. Oysters don't like still water. Gravel and sand filters keep out any bacteria and after two or three days in the tanks the oysters are completely purified."

Oysters from the Pudding Lane tanks, unique in London, are often exported, but the main sale is to oyster bars, hotels, restaurants, seaside stalls and fishmongers. "We have supplied up to three thousand oysters a day to stalls at Blackpool," says Tabor. "This is for the summer trade."

Many people won't eat oysters unless there is an "r" in the month, but there is no restricted selling season for imported Portuguese oysters, and they are perfectly suitable all the year round.

Although Tabor rarely deals direct with the consumer, he is the first to hear of any complaints. Last autumn, a retailer asked him to handle an irate doctor who claimed that some of his dinner guests had been violently ill after eating Tabor's oysters. Tabor telephoned the doctor and insisted on hearing the full story at first hand.

The doctor admitted that he had eaten three dozen of the oysters without any ill effect, but two of his friends had sampled only a few before they became suddenly ill. These two, it turned out, had been drinking whisky with the oysters.

"Stout or light wine is the drink to have with oysters," says Tabor. "Spirits don't mix at all, and the doctor knew it. The alcohol extracts the water from the oyster, making it like leather and extremely difficult to digest.

"But some people are simply allergic to oysters, or any shellfish for that matter. My wife always gets a stomach upset when she eats oysters."

Oyster-lovers insist that the iodine content of oysters makes them life lengtheners, and that the phosphorus in oysters nourishes the brain. One business man eats oysters whenever he has a cold. He swallows a dozen oysters and claims he is completely cured.

Tabor knows another man who prescribes oysters for anyone who is suffering from loss of appetite. When he is afflicted himself, he downs the last of his dozen and is ready to eat a steak dinner.

CALAMITY came to England's oyster industry when large quantities of explosives were dumped into the sea near Whitstable after the first World War. The explosives polluted the water and killed the oysters.

"Once there were 123 boats working the oyster beds at Whitstable," Tabor recalls. "Now there are only five. We had 20 million oysters at Whitstable at the time, but ninety per cent were killed.

Not long after this, pollution from factories and sewers killed off most of our one thousand acres of oysters in the River Medway at Rainham, in Kent.

The next blow came with the last war, when it was very difficult to get young oysters from Portugal.

One freighter, carrying a consignment of one million Portuguese oysters to the firm, was diverted out to mid-Atlantic with a convoy. The normal four-day trip took five weeks and the oysters, packed in baskets, were dead on arrival. The Tabors had to have them dumped in the sea.

A traditional oyster feast is held at Colchester each year to mark the opening of the new oyster season.

Three years ago, Miss Kathleen Sanders, then Mayor of Colchester, and Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, sitting at the head of the banquet table, toyed in embarrassment with their plates of oysters. Finally, they quietly edged their oysters over to neighbours. "Just don't agree with me," said the Field-Marshal. "Nor with me," said the mayor.

Tabor says the Romans had a real taste for oysters. "They used to eat two hundred oysters before they started a meal." A few stalwarts still have a Roman oyster consumption. Tabor recently supplied oysters for an oyster-eating contest in Southport. The winner claimed that he was still hungry after eating his two hundredth oyster. At an oyster party at Romford Golf Club, Essex, earlier this year, thirty guests consumed 2,088 oysters. Two doctors and a business man each had ten dozen.

Eric Tabor was born to the oyster business. A direct ancestor, Joseph Matthew Tabor, was granted a portion of Brightlingsea Creek in Essex, for oyster beds by the lord of the manor four hundred years ago.

The family has persisted with oysters ever since, moving the business up to London in 1880. At the time of Eric's birth, his father was selling 20 million oysters each year, but the market was deteriorating when Eric joined the firm at the age of seventeen.

The only period of Eric's adult life spent away from the oyster business in London was three years during the last war with the R.A.F. Often then he was sending away to Pudding Lane for barrels of oysters for the mess.

Tabor maintains that English oysters are the best in the world. Previously this claim was challenged by his American friends, who prided themselves on American oyster quality.

"But I have the answer now," says Tabor. "We have just filled an order for five thousand of our oysters for a special banquet. We shipped them to a New York address." THE END

Tabor specializes in quick delivery of oysters. Twenty thousand are kept in basement tanks supplied constantly with synthetic sea-water

Prime oysters come only from clean water. Filter plant in the Tabors' basement is checked to keep their stock free from harmful bacteria

At Colchester's festival the mayor leads the sampling. Connoisseurs suck oysters raw from the deep half of the shell—with the sea-water

Roper swayed to his feet. "What ho!" he said. "A bit of talent for a change." For once David wished that Nicole had not come to see him

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

There could be no peace now in Pharamaul; Dinamaula's ambitions had split the tribe. . . . And the thugs were ready to take over

IN the Gamate Hotel the atmosphere was tense. Tulbach Browne, a trouble-hunting reporter, glanced at his companion—at Dinamaula, hereditary chieftain of the Maulas. "I want two beers," he said. "Here in the public bar."

Fellows, the hotel owner, glared back angrily. "No," he said.

"You're refusing to serve me?"

"Yes."

Satisfied, Tulbach Browne turned away. Holding Dinamaula lightly by the elbow he made for the door. Officially there was no colour bar in the island colony of Pharamaul. This rebuff of Dinamaula would make a good story. . . .

Unscrupulous and quick-witted, Tulbach Browne was covering the story of Dinamaula's return after his years at an English university. He anticipated trouble in Pharamaul before Dinamaula took over the chair of rule from the three Maula regents. Already relations were strained between Dinamaula and Andrew Macmillan, the resident commissioner in Gamate.

Now, before they parted, Tulbach Browne questioned the young chief about his possible marriage to a Maula girl named Miera. Dinamaula was still hurt and confused by the shameful scene in the hotel. He thought of England, where nobody had minded the colour of his skin.

"I shall not marry Miera," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'd like to marry a white girl. . . ."

Marriage was also on the mind of David Bracken, a young aide on the staff of the governor, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs. David had completed a tour of the island which had taken him into the territory of the U-Maulas—near-savages ruled by a chief named Gotwela—and was now returning to the island's capital, Port Victoria.

He was looking forward to seeing the governor's secretary, Nicole Steuart, again. Already he had decided that, at the first opportune moment, he would ask her to marry him. . . .

PART THREE

David Learns His Lesson

FOR David Bracken the journey down from Gamate and his return to the secretariat were like coming home again. He had been away for ten days: he had travelled less than a thousand miles: but there was a family atmosphere about the office that ensured a feeling of welcome as soon as he stepped inside.

On the big square desk in his office he found so many files that he decided not to look at any of them for at least half a day. Instead, he went on a tour of the secretariat. It seemed natural that he should keep Nicole Steuart's office till the last.

When he looked in on Aidan Purves-Brownrigg, the political secretary, he was greeted with considerable fervour. "How we've missed you!" said Aidan. "What *have* you and Andrew been saying to that odious Tulbach Browne?"

David's heart sank. "Nothing special," he answered. "Why?"

"The *Daily Flash* has been full of it," said Aidan. "At least two poisonous articles, each one worse than the last. Making out Andrew as an absolute monster. And you sounded like Caligula, at the very least."

"Me?" said David, confused. "I don't understand."

Eagerly Aidan Purves-Brownrigg went into details. There had, he said, been two articles so far about affairs in Gamate, following on the ones which had already been sent from Port Victoria.

"The first was bad enough," observed Aidan, "but Tulbach Browne really went to town in the second one. He said that Forsdick, the district commissioner, had insulted him, and threatened the freedom of the press, and sneered at Dinamaula for being poor and backward. He hinted that Forsdick had been drunk at the time—not that that really helped matters much."

"My God!" said David.

"'Dinamaula,'" quoted Aidan from memory, "'is richer than ten average district commissioners, as Mr. Forsdick knows and perhaps resents. But then, Dinamaula is black.' Very tasty. . . . And *you*, of course," he grinned at David, "were particularly quotable."

David felt his stomach dropping like a stone. "What about me?"

"Don't you remember what you said about Gotwela?" asked Aidan with interest.

"No. Not exactly."

"Tulbach Browne did. 'I thought that Gamate could show me no more surprises,'" intoned Aidan from his copious memory. "'I was wrong. It was my misfortune, later that night, to hear Gotwela, one of the oldest and most respected of the local chiefs, described by Mr. Bracken, a junior British official, as being "like something out of the zoo." I felt, at that moment, that I had had enough of so-called official circles in Gamate. I would not blame Gamate for feeling the same.'"

"But Gotwela's not a respected chief at all," said David in anguish. "He's a complete thug."

"What does that matter?" asked Aidan. "Tulbach Browne made him sound like the old Prince Consort and made *you* sound like a boorish clot. That's all the story needed."

"What did the governor say about it?"

"I thought the old gentleman would have a heart attack," said Aidan frankly. "We got all this by telegram from London, and I had to bring the file in. . . . He's better now, of course. I told him it was all the result of unscrupulous reporting."

"Thanks," said David gratefully. He added, after a pause: "Do you think there'll be any more trouble?"

PURVES-BROWNRIGG sat back in his chair, lounging elegantly. His dove-grey suit became him like a faultless uniform. "From a long experience," he said, "in such plague-spots as Egypt and Persia, such global slums as Syria and Trieste, I should say that here in Pharamaul we were only just beginning."

"Oh!" said David inadequately.

"I feel it in my bones," said Purves-Brownrigg, "—and I *have* bones—that a page of particularly sordid history is about to be written. Politicians will burst their buttons, pressmen will fuse their typewriters, heads will roll. I don't want them to be *our* heads."

"We're so handicapped," said David after a pause.

Aidan smiled. "As long as you realize the fact," he said, "and as long as you believe that, handicapped or not, we can still win because we're right, all is not lost. . . . In the meantime, isn't it about time you saw Nicole?"

"How is she?" asked David.

"Never better. And thirsting for you, I shouldn't wonder. Waste no more time."

Nicole was indeed waiting for him, in her shabby, sun-plagued office; looking cool, looking lovely, looking just the girl he had been vividly remembering during many hours of many days of his trip. He felt a longing to stride forward and take her in his arms. But

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instead, daunted by her coolness and his own sense of inadequacy, he said: "Hallo! I just got back."

"You didn't." She was smiling, slightly breathless, but more ready with words than he was. "You got back at least half an hour ago. I have spies all over the building. It's not very flattering."

He sat down on the edge of her desk, lighting a cigarette, his hand unsteady. Now Nicole was composed and competent, sitting back in her chair, behind a desk that made few concessions to femininity. Only the vase of pale Iceland poppies battled incongruously with the files and the telephones and the array of pens and pencils.

"How was Gamate?"

"Wonderful! All that I expected. . . . The journey up was like discovering the whole of Africa in a few hours."

Nicole nodded. "That's the way I remember it. . . . And Shebiya?"

"It's a funny thing about that place," answered David after a pause. "It gave me the shivers at first—it's so crude and savage, so secret. I saw a cannibal behind every tree. But . . . we stayed with the Ronalds. Obviously *they* didn't have that feeling at all. They were entirely happy in Shebiya, completely satisfied with living there."

"I think they'd be entirely happy anywhere," said Nicole, smiling.

"I suppose so. But I got the idea—or perhaps it's just developed later—that *I* could be happy there, too. It needn't be a frightening place at all, once one got over the strangeness, because there's so much worthwhile work to be done." He looked at her. "Could you be happy there?"

Nicole felt herself colouring slightly. "I don't know. I hadn't thought of it. We all went up there last year, on tour with the governor." She giggled. "Aidan loathed every minute of it, of course. And he found a snake curled up in his sleeping-bag. Quite a harmless snake, but he wasn't to know that. . . . Yes, I suppose one *could* be happy in Shebiya."

With you, David murmured to himself. *With you, anywhere.* Aloud, his voice sounding unnaturally gruff, he said: "But I didn't like Gotwela."

SHE smiled again. "So I read." She gestured towards a file on her desk. "There was another telegram this morning. Another article by Tulbach Browne."

"Oh God!" said David. "What was it this time?"

"About not getting a drink in the Gamate Hotel." As David frowned, she went on: "It must have happened just about the time you left. Apparently he took Dinamaula into the bar and they refused to serve him."

"Pity!" observed David.

She looked at him squarely. "Do you think they *should* have let Dinamaula have a drink there?"

"I don't know. I just can't make up my mind about it. I meant that the whole thing was a pity." He had a sudden conviction that there were many better things to think about, at this moment. He said: "Let's forget the whole thing just for now."

"All right," she agreed.

"Will you have dinner with me?"

"Certainly," said Nicole.

Later that day, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, governor and commander-in-chief of Pharamaul, granted an interview to Tulbach Browne. It was an awkward meeting; indeed, between men so dissimilar it could hardly be otherwise.

The governor saw Tulbach Browne as an impudent intruder who had already, in an earlier interview, asked a number of extremely odd questions, and then written a story—THE COCKED HAT BRIGADE—just about as unpleasant and inaccurate as it could possibly be.

Tulbach Browne, for his part, saw the governor as he had always seen him, and men like him, whether he had met them or not—as a titled jack-in-office, reactionary, stupid and dull.

FROM opposite sides of the desk they regarded each other with cordial dislike, tempered to a hot day and the demands of civility.

"Well, we meet again," said the governor. "I hope you enjoyed your trip north?"

"Very much," answered Tulbach Browne. "I found out a lot that I didn't know before."

The governor considered this at leisure before replying: "I'm delighted to hear it."

It was meant to be mildly ironic, but to Tulbach Browne in his present mood, it sounded something more than that—sarcastic, almost challenging.

He decided, having nothing to lose, to close with the enemy.

"Yes," he said, "there were a lot of things about Gamate that I never suspected before. It's like another world. . . . I suppose you've heard what they're calling the bar at the Gamate Hotel now?"

"No. What . . . ?"

"The Colour Bar," answered Tulbach Browne, and grinned. "Good, don't you think?"

"I don't understand," said the governor stiffly. "What has the colour bar got to do with it?"

"Because of Dinamaula," answered Tulbach Browne. "He couldn't get a drink there."

"Oh!" said the governor. He thought the pun in atrocious taste, but he was not going to acknowledge the fact. No further ammunition of any sort was going to be supplied. Instead he sat back and remarked reasonably: "I believe there *was* some slight unpleasantness the other day. I'm sure it's all forgotten now."

Little you know! thought Tulbach Browne with contempt. The colour bar incident had been the best story yet to come out of Pharamaul, enough to rock a score of colonial governors.

He relaxed further, settling in his wicker chair, and said: "No doubt! It was something new to me, that was all. I met a lot of interesting people up there. The resident commissioner, Macmillan. He struck me as very strict. And David Bracken, your new secretary."

"I read your articles," said Sir Elliott.

"Bracken made an extraordinary remark about the U-Maula chief, Gotwela."

"I read your articles," repeated the governor.

"'Like something out of the zoo,'" said Tulbach Browne musingly. "It was an unfortunate expression to use."

"I agree," said Sir Elliott. "I've already talked to Mr. Bracken about it."

Tulbach Browne brightened. "Would you call that an official rebuke?"

"Well," said the governor. He recalled the interview with David, at which he had cautioned: "You must be careful when you're talking to these press fellows," and David had said: "I'm very sorry, sir," and he himself, dismissing it, had answered: "Things will settle down again before long." It was not an official rebuke, and yet it amounted to something very near to it. He tried to get the thing clear.

"Not a rebuke," he said judiciously. "A correction, shall we say."

"You *corrected* Mr. Bracken?"

"I told him he spoke hastily, ill-advisedly."

"Doesn't that amount to a rebuke?"

"In a sense, yes."

Tulbach Browne sighed, conscious once more of the futility of officialdom. Why not say straight out that Bracken had been given a rocket?

"I had a number of talks with Dinamaula," he said, with innocent readiness. "An interesting man. Of course, I've interviewed him before. You know that he has these ideas for development, and so forth?"

"Most people in Pharamaul have ideas of that sort."

"Have they?" Browne affected considerable

Continued on page 51

Axel Hallmarck, the *Clang* reporter, had heard all he wanted from Macmillan, "You know," he said, "I envy you, living here"

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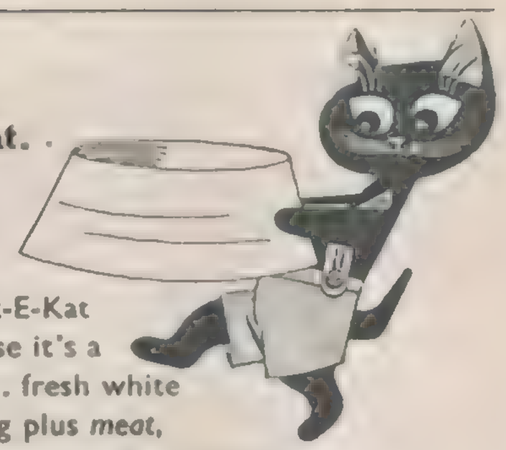

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Ten million tablets a day

by KEITH ELLIS

Why are so many aspirins taken in Britain? In this age of wonder drugs, the doctors still turn to the oldest pain-killer—without knowing why it works

It was puzzling for the patients. There were sixty-one of them, in six different treatment centres in England and Scotland. They were all suffering from early rheumatoid arthritis, but they soon realized that they were getting two different types of treatment. They did not know they were the guinea-pigs in a carefully controlled series of experiments to decide which of two drugs was the more effective.

About half the patients were given tablets or a syrup labelled "Tabs (or Mist.) Rheumatic A." The rest were given bitter brown tablets labelled "Tabs Rheumatic C." The first were the wildly praised wonder-drug cortisone. The "Tabs Rheumatic C" were so commonplace that they had been carefully disguised in case patients recognized the taste and stopped taking them. They were aspirin.

After twelve months, doctors gave the patients thorough tests. They noted how tender their joints were and how far they could move the affected limbs. They timed the patients tying six knots and going up and down ten steps. Then they compared the results with those of previous tests.

The outcome confirmed what experienced doctors had all along suspected. In each group, the disease had died down in about three-quarters of the patients. Almost half of each group were able to return to work. "For practical purposes," the report concluded, "there appears to have been surprisingly little to choose between cortisone and aspirin."

The experiment was a further vindication of aspirin's reputation of being the oldest and in some ways the most remarkable of all manufactured pain-killers. Many doctors consider it to be the most useful they know. Certainly, no other drug has cured so many minor aches and pains.

It is the safest known drug, the most common home-remedy and, available in every kind of retail outlet from a grocer's shop to a slot-machine in an hotel lobby, it is the easiest of all drugs to buy. In 1953, Dr. Franklin Bicknell of the Food Education Society calculated that ten million tablets of aspirin were consumed in Britain *every day*.

Tablets of aspirin, *alias* acetylsalicylic acid, *alias* $C_9H_8O_4$, are made in their millions by such well-known firms as Boots, Howards, British Drug Houses and Burroughs Wellcome. They are also sold under the proprietary names of Aspro and Genasprin. Disprin, Alka-Seltzer, Macprin and Caleno powder all contain aspirin in a slightly modified form. Phensic, Anadin, Cephos and Askit powders consist of aspirin compounded with other pain-killing drugs. Aspirin is also the basis of hundreds of nostrums sold by small chemists to local customers.

The reason for so many disguises is well known to the manufacturers. Many people claim: "I can't take aspirin but I can take X"—when X is merely a proprietary brand of aspirin.

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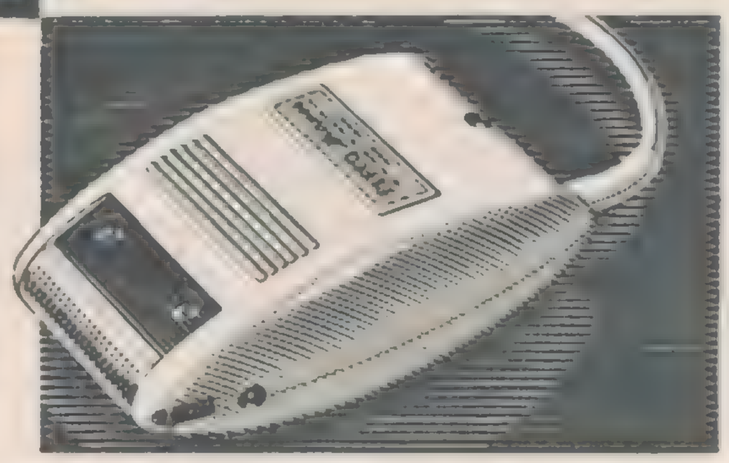

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B10 **(Please use block letters)**

in their packaging or advertising. The only indication of its presence is a reference to acetylsalicylic acid on the pack.

Aspirin has two main properties: it kills pain and reduces fever. American researchers have devised a technique of measuring pain. They focus a ray of gradually increasing heat on the forehead, and the point at which the subject begins to feel pain is called the pain threshold. Two tablets of aspirin raised the threshold thirty-five per cent.

They found that the maximum effect came after one and a half hours, and that it could be kept at its peak by repeating the dose every two hours. Larger doses did not raise the threshold any further. That is why aspirin is ineffective in relieving severe pains.

JUST how aspirin kills pain, nobody knows. Scientists have discovered that within ten minutes of being taken it has been absorbed into the bloodstream, mainly through the small intestine. Very slowly, it passes into the kidneys. Nobody has been able to find out whether it kills pain by deadening the nerve-ends, affecting the nerves themselves or acting on the part of the brain which perceives pain.

The same doubt exists as to how aspirin reduces fever. Body temperature is regulated by a part of the brain which acts like a thermostat. When a person has a fever, the thermostat is set at a higher temperature than normal. In some way, nobody knows how, aspirin has the effect of resetting the thermostat to the normal level. Sweating and an increased rate of blood-flow round the extreinities then cause the temperature to drop. One of the minor mysteries of aspirin is why it has no effect on normal temperatures.

Pain-killing and fever reducing account for aspirin's success in the treatment of colds, 'flu, headaches, toothaches and all the minor aches and pains. What is understood least of all is the way aspirin reduces swelling and inflammation in rheumatic joints. By reducing fever and pain, it allows the body to gain strength and mobilize its natural resources.

But this does not account for the total effect. Aspirin must do something else. What that is, nobody has yet been able to discover.

Today, aspirin is made by reacting salicylic acid with a sour-smelling chemical called acetic anhydrine. By law, the standard five-grain tablet must contain not less than 94.5 per cent of the declared weight of aspirin and not more than 105 per cent. Each also contains a small amount of starch which swells when moistened and makes the tablet disintegrate...

Some British manufacturers are now following the Americans in producing children's tablets with attractive flavours and pretty colours. Unfortunately, some American children have taken literally their mothers' suggestion that the tablets were "sweeties," and have died after eating them by the bottleful. For this reason, some makers refuse to take away the unpleasant taste.

Although the group of substances to which aspirin belongs has been recognized from the earliest times all over the world as a killer of pain and reducer of fever, aspirin itself was not discovered until 1853. Charles Frédéric Gerhardt, a German chemist, was not interested in its possibilities as a healing agent and abandoned it.

Forty-five years later, a young chemist called Felix Hoffmann, who worked for the German drug company Friedrich Bayer and Co., was distressed by his father's crippling attacks of rheumatoid arthritis. After vainly trying known "cures," Hoffmann turned to an encyclopaedia of chemical freaks. He came across Gerhardt's discovery, successfully treated his father with it and then turned over his findings to the Bayer Company.

After exhaustive tests, Bayer's launched the new drug. They called it aspirin, a name derived from Spiraea, a genus of plants rich in related substances. Until 1917, aspirin was a Bayer trademark. In that year, all rights lapsed.

Throughout its long history, aspirin has revealed few drawbacks. Contrary to what some people believe, it does not harm the heart or harden the arteries. Nor is it habit-forming. It may, however, produce allergic symptoms such as hives, asthma and nettle-rash in about one person in five hundred.

Taken in large quantities it is a poison. One woman was so abnormally sensitive that she collapsed and died four minutes after taking one normal-sized tablet. Would-be suicides, whose favourite drug it is, find it disappointing. The effects are unpleasant—dizziness, vomiting, ringing in the ears, deafness and finally unconsciousness; and the results are poor. Although eighty to a hundred tablets normally constitute a fatal dose, recovery is almost certain if the stomach can be washed out within the first few hours. One man recovered after taking four hundred tablets.

Aspirin has one real drawback. It is a stomach irritant and, since 1938, a number of researchers have blamed it for helping to cause indigestion, gastric haemorrhage and even chronic gastritis.

The most striking case was that of a fifty-seven year old man who entered a clinic many years ago suffering from severe and repeated gastric haemorrhages. His history showed that he had had similar attacks for at least seven years. Sir Arthur Hurst, Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital and his assistant, Dr. G. A. M. Lintott, suspected an ulcer but X-rays failed to reveal one.

The two doctors then noticed an odd fact in the man's record. From the age of eighteen he had suffered from migraines, and for relief he had taken aspirin, never less than six tablets a week and often as many as six a day. The doctors gave him two broken aspirin tablets to swallow and passed into his stomach an instrument called a gastroscope which enabled them to watch what was happening inside.

They first noticed particles of aspirin sticking to the stomach lining. Round them, inflammation was developing. In one place, the muscles had contracted so that the mucous membrane was actually gripping two larger fragments. As they watched, they saw the surrounding area grow steadily more inflamed. After a few minutes, blood seeped through. Soon, the fragments of aspirin were stained a bright red.

The patient's illness was explained. It was caused purely by aspirin. He stopped taking it and never had another haemorrhage.

It has been calculated that about one person in five is completely immune from the irritant effects of aspirin. Of the rest, only a tiny proportion is in real danger of suffering gastric haemorrhage and then only if large quantities are taken on an empty stomach. For most people, the danger is completely eliminated if they take their aspirin after a meal or with half a glass of milk to neutralize its acidity.

MAKERS of aspirin have themselves tackled the problem. Several brands already include antacids which counteract the irritant effects in the stomach. Still more successful are the soluble or calcium aspirins.

From the beginning, researchers had found that calcium aspirin was less irritant than ordinary aspirin. But calcium aspirin was unstable, and although it could be made up in a hospital dispensary for a special case, its tendency to decompose made it impossible to manufacture for general use.

At the beginning of the war, the company doctor of one of the manufacturers suggested to the directors that a stable form of calcium aspirin would be a highly paying proposition. They agreed and started research. The chief chemists finally thought of the idea of combining in one tablet several ingredients which would react to form calcium aspirin only when the tablet was placed in water, just before taking.

The tablet was a success. In 1952, it was admitted to the National Formulary and last year it achieved the ultimate in pharmaceutical respectability—it was included in the British Pharmacopoeia. THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

The Revenge

by GERALD BULLETT

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Champagne for Miss Walsh

by ROBERT HOLMES

It seemed that she was a beautiful spy ... and George had to make sure. It could be a most enjoyable assignment

Can Britain Win at the Olympics?

by JOHN SANDILANDS

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Something Fishy

by P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Straight from one fiancée to another. Yes, Bill was a hot-blooded young man. But there was some ice-cold plotting behind the scenes

BACK in 1929, J. J. Bunyan and some of his New York millionaire friends were wondering what to do with their surplus filthy lucre. It was J.J.'s tame art expert, Mortimer Bayliss, who suggested that they get a bit of fun out of some of it by putting fifty thousand dollars apiece into a "tontine"—a fund which would go to the last of their sons to marry.

Of course, the boys didn't know about the tontine. But Harold Keggs, J.J.'s English butler, did—and had a shrewd idea that the knowledge would come in useful one day. . . . Twenty-six years later, retired now and living in a London suburb with the impoverished Lord Uffenham and his lordship's niece, Jane Benedick, as lodgers, Keggs was still studying the matrimonial news.

The field had thinned out. Only two of the sons were still unmarried—and both were on the brink of the abyss: Roscoe Bunyan, who was renting Shipley House, Lord Uffenham's old home, was engaged to an actress named Elaine Dawn; and Bill Hollister, who worked at the Gish Art Galleries in London, was getting married, too—when he could afford it.

Keggs knew it was time to act. He got Roscoe to sign over to him ten per cent of the tontine in advance, and then told him about it—and about Bill. Roscoe promptly decided to break it off with Elaine—as soon as he could lay his hands on the love-letters he had written her; and he planned to get Bill married off by offering him a well-paid job. . . .

But that same morning was an eventful one for Bill, too—his fiancée threw him over, and in next to no time he found he was in love again—this time with a girl's voice he had heard on the telephone.

The girl was Jane, and Jane was engaged to an awful sculptor named Stanhope Twine, who lived next door. . . . But Bill didn't know this—yet.

To him Jane was only a name and a golden voice—a voice that lingered in his memory as he set off to celebrate his newly won freedom by lunching at that most luxurious of London's restaurants, Barribault's.

PART TWO

Farewell To A Fortune

THE restaurant did not fail Bill. Barribault's saw at a glance that here was a customer for whom it must do its best, and it did it. When he rose to leave, his conviction that this was a beautiful world had, if anything, deepened, and it was with a benevolent and appreciative eye that he surveyed the restaurant's clientele as he passed down the aisle on his way out.

There was a small, fair-haired girl sitting by herself at one of the tables, who struck him as rather pretty, and he had just given her that quick sidelong glance which red-blooded young men give rather pretty girls, when she spoke. "Will you ask the head waiter to come here, please?" she said, addressing a waiter.

Bill, having started as if the management of Barribault's had thrust a skewer into the fleshy part of his leg, became rigid. He had the momentary illusion that the management of Barribault's, however foreign to their normal policy such an action would have been, had hit him over the head with a sock full of wet sand.

In the actual line "Will you ask the head waiter to come here, please?" there is nothing, of course, calculated to stun the senses. What had congealed Bill in his tracks was not the words themselves, but the voice that had spoken them.

He refused to believe that there could be two such voices in the world. With eyes protruding like a snail's he stared at this small, fair-haired girl, and noted that her charms had become enhanced by a warm flush.

Nor was this unnatural. Many girls, even in these lax days, find themselves flushing a little when human snails halt beside their table in a restaurant and stand goggling at them. Freezing this intrusive stranger with a look, Jane averted her gaze from the distasteful spectacle.

"Miss Benedick?"

Jane turned, bathed in confusion. It is always a nightmare experience to freeze a stranger with a look and then to discover that he is an old acquaintance one has forgotten.

"We were talking on the telephone this morning. About Lord Uffenham's pictures."

A wave of relief swept over Jane. She had not failed her Uncle George after all. "Hell's bells," her Uncle George had often said to her, "yer've *got* to remember people's names, my girl, or yer'll get yerself disliked on all sides. Nothing makes fellers rattier than having wenches not know them from a hole in the ground next time they meet."

Well, you can't remember people's names if they have simply been anonymous voices on the telephone. She was blameless, innocent, guiltless, beyond reproach, and this healing thought lent such animation to her manner that Bill once again had that illusion that the board of directors of Barribault's restaurant had hit him with a sanded sock.

"Of course!" she said. "You're at the Gish Galleries. Won't you sit down?"

Bill sat down. He was wondering how he

Continued on page 42

Mortimer Bayliss was genial and insulting. "So you are the owner of these frightful daubs, are you?" he chuckled

JOHN BULL presents a complete detachable do-it-yourself Supplement

Practical ways to FURNISH AND DECORATE YOUR HOME

NEW materials and new tools for the handyman are coming into the shops in increasing numbers. The latest man-made timbers, for example, produced from shavings and sawdust compressed with glue, ensure a professional finish with the numerous furnishing ideas presented in this Supplement. Costing about the same as ordinary wood, they are smooth, level and free from knots. They can be painted, varnished or stained, or bought ready covered with veneer or coloured plastic. Equally important, they refuse to split, however unorthodox the use of nails and screws.

Aids for speeding the job include, of course, electric power tools, which energetically drill, saw, polish and do many other tasks. There is also a novel type of hand tool, fitted with a blade carrying five hundred tough, razor-sharp teeth, which makes light work of planing and filing.

Another item designed with the handyman in mind is a powerful blowlamp which uses methylated spirit and does not need pumping. Weighing only seven ounces, it is small enough to be carried in a pocket.

Further innovations are solder which does not require a soldering iron; extra-tenacious glues which instantly fix metal, rubber and all other materials together—such as hardboard panels on to doors—in the tightest of bonds; sealing compounds, squeezed out of tubes, which defy the weather and take changes of temperature in their stride by expanding and contracting; plastic filler for repairing cracks and holes which stays in place despite vibration, and a new line of thought in plastic sheeting. It is self-adhesive and only needs to be cut and stuck in place to make bathroom splashbacks, fingerplates, table tops and similar surfaces which are waterproof, steam-proof and scratchproof.

Much of the inventiveness of manufacturers, though, is being concentrated on the do-it-yourself field in which there is the liveliest activity—home decorating, a subject fully explained in this Supplement with expert tips for tackling it the easy way.

The trend is encouraged by chemical removers which simplify the stripping of old wallpaper, and cellulose pastes which put the art of hanging paper within the scope of everyone. The crystals dissolve in cold water like traditional paste powders and make a strong, easily workable solution which performs the additional duty of acting as size. Still more helpful for the beginner, the paper dries without wrinkles or bubbles. The paste does not stain and firmly prevents any tendency to peel during changes in temperature or humidity.

An additional new aid for paperhangers is a wallpaper protector, which was launched by its makers as a sideline and soon became so popular that it is now one of the firm's leading products. Applied over newly hung paper like varnish, it is a particularly worthwhile precaution in homes with young children or pets. The washable, hard-wearing surface doubles the life of the paper.

Where painting is concerned, among the means of making preparatory work less arduous are chemical strippers which soften stoved enamel and can eat through thirty-two layers of paint; electric strippers which smoothly burn and scrape in one operation, allowing the handyman to strip paint near glass and in other places where it would be difficult to use a blowlamp; a new type of pistol-grip electric sprayer for paints, varnish and lacquer which costs under £4, and smaller items such as specially absorbent cloths which guarantee that all specks of dust will be picked up from surfaces after glass-papering, or between coats.

Paints today range from the conventional oilbound varieties to rapid-drying emulsions and non-poisonous paints for children's furniture and toys.

Rubberized paint, applied like other paints, is becoming established. It gives years of service amid steam and condensation in kitchens and bathrooms.

Also attracting wide attention is thixotropic paint. While in the tin, it has the appearance of a stubborn jelly, but it turns into a free-flowing liquid at the pressure of a brush. It is virtually unspillable, even if the tin is knocked over on its side, and does not need to be stirred before use. Painting can be undertaken with the minimum of upheaval because there are neither drips nor splashes.

Yet another invention for getting painting done quickly is one-coat paint. The lightest shade successfully obliterates the darkest surface. Enamel gloss one-coaters are suitable for exterior as well as interior work, and the flat wall paints cover most wall surfaces, though when painting over wallpaper it is best to experiment with an inconspicuous piece. The paper might contain soluble dyes which could stain the paint.

PULL OUT THESE EIGHT PAGES AND KEEP FOR REFERENCE

BRIGHTER WALLS AND CEILINGS

WALLPAPERING

Success with wallpapering can depend on a correct choice of colour and pattern. If the room is small, the paper should be light in colour. If the room is poorly lit—perhaps facing north with small windows—then enlist the aid of warm pinks and yellows. And if a two-paper scheme has been decided on, feel certain before buying the paper that the walls are big enough to stand the contrast. In a room less than 12 ft. square, a fireplace framed in a vivid red, for example, will seem to be out in the middle of the floor.

Beginners at paperhanging are best advised to try inconspicuous rooms first. Plain and small-pattern papers are the easiest to hang.

Estimate that each roll of average British wallpaper will cover about 55 sq. ft., allowing for unavoidable wastage. The retailer will trim the rolls ready for hanging.

The equipment needed for wallpapering is a stripping knife, a wide distemper-type brush for pasting, a pasting table—the larger the better—a pair of large scissors, a pad of clean rags or a soft hand-brush for smoothing paper to the wall, a bucket for paste, a bowl of clean water for rinsing paste off hands, and a towel.

First, peel away any existing paper by soaking it repeatedly with a rag dipped in warm water or using a patent stripper. Leave it for ten minutes and use the stripping knife. If the walls have been distempered, remove loose distemper with glasspaper and water-soaked rags. Repair holes and cracks with proprietary filler.

Measure the first piece of paper against the wall and cut it, allowing 2 in. or so at the top and bottom for trimming, and try to get a complete pattern at the top. Half a pattern peeping out from under a picture rail or border spoils the final effect.

When there is a long wall to cover, speed the job by cutting four or five pieces, making sure that the pattern is continued across them.

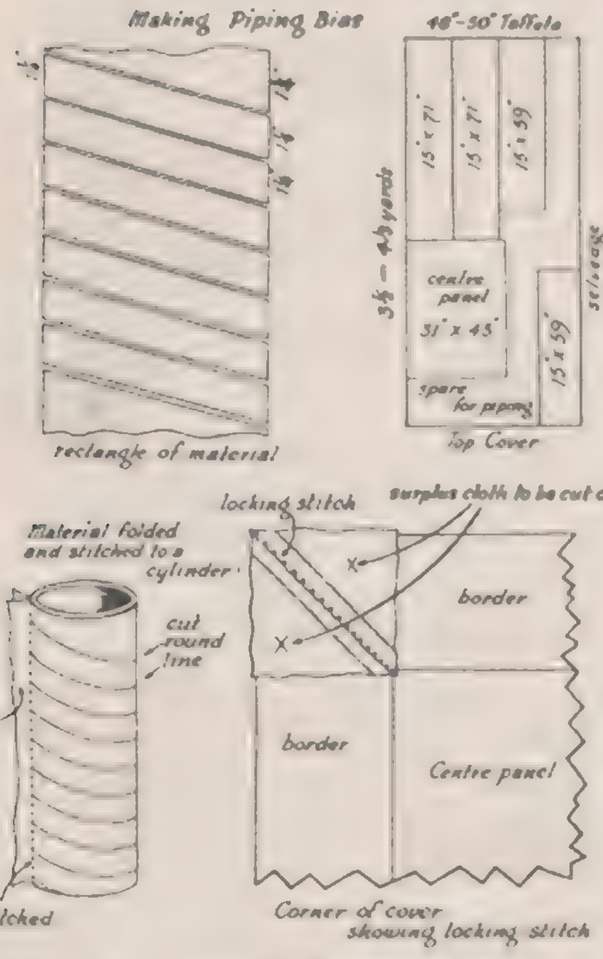
One of the secrets of paperhanging is absolute cleanliness. Cellulose pastes help the handyman because they are non-staining, but the aim must be to avoid getting paste on the face of the paper at all.

Place the first piece face down on the table and paste firmly, with a fairly dry brush, from the centre out to the edges. Afterwards, fold the ends over towards the middle for easier handling later. Leave the piece for a minute or two for the paste to soak in. A heavy paper, of course, needs longer for this than a light one.

Meanwhile, mark the wall to ensure that the piece will be hung absolutely vertically. The most satisfactory routine with paperhanging is to start alongside the main windows and work away from them. Having decided on which side of the windows to hang the piece, tie a plumb-bob, or a similar small, heavy weight, to a length of string which has been rubbed with coloured chalk. Suspend the weight against the wall in the position where the piece's edge farthest from the window will come. Then, pressing the weighted end against the wall with one foot, snap the centre like a harp string. The result will be a vertical line of chalk which can be rubbed off easily.

Pick the piece of paper off the table by holding the top end of it a few inches

An inexpensive touch to bring colour to your bedroom



TO RE-COVER AN EIDERDOWN
58 in. by 70 in.

3½ yd. of 48 in. material for the top of the cover; 4 yd. of 31-in. sateen for the backing; 8 yd. fine piping cord; sewing machine; needles, cottons, scissors, tape measure, etc.

Take the measurements of the centre panel of the eiderdown, and of the borders on the four sides of the centre panel, as illustrated. Regard the borders as full rectangles—i.e. 71 in. by 15 in. for the long borders, 59 in. by 15 in. for the short borders—and ignore any stitched pattern which there may be on them. Add 1 in. to each of the measurements to allow for ½ in. turning at the edges. Transfer the measurements to the material (as illustrated) and cut out.

Cut the backing material into two lengths of 2 yd. and machine together the two selvedges to make one piece of material 62 in. by 72 in.

Make the material left over from the cover into lengths of piping bias totalling 8 yd. Take a rectangle of material—the size does not matter as long as it is larger than about 12 in. by 12 in.—and, as illustrated, make a mark on the right-hand edge 1¼ in. from the top. Pencil further marks down the right-hand edge 1¼ in. apart. Now mark points 1¼ in. apart down the edge of the left-hand side of the rectangle, putting the first mark 1¼ in. from the top. With a ruler, pencil lines between the marks on the left- and right-hand edges so that there is a series of diagonal lines, each 1¼ in. apart.

Now fold the rectangle over, long edges together, with the pencilled lines on the outside. Machine the two long edges together ¼ in. from the edge, and press the seam open. The piece of material will now be cylindrical, with the diagonal lines forming a spiral round the outside. Cut round this spiral, starting at one end, to form a continuous tape of material 1¼ in. wide.

Repeat this process until there is a total of 8 yd. of bias tape.

Remove the old cover by cutting the machine stitching at one corner, and tearing off the cover with quick, gentle tugs along the line of the machine stitching. If any "basic" stitches, which hold the stuffing in place, are broken, replace them. Patch any torn corners.

Mark the centre point on each of the four edges of the centre panel, and the centre point of one edge of each of the four borders. Tack these points together and then machine the edges together to within ½ in. of each corner of the centre panel. Press the seams flat, keeping the right sides of the material together.

Lay the cover flat on a table, wrong side up, and mitre the corners with a locking or "long button" stitch.

Place the piping cord in the middle of the bias tape, and fold the tape round it with the raw edges together. Tack, then machine the tape so that the cord is firmly held inside it. Leave 2 in. unstitched at each end of each length of tape so that when lengths of piping are joined together, the end of the tape and cord can meet in different places and form a smooth join.

Lay the cover on the table, wrong side up. Place the piping underneath one of the short borders, with the raw edges of the piping along the edge of the border. Tack the piping all round the outside of the cover, sewing closely to the cord. Leave 2 in. unsewn at the beginning of the piping to make a smooth final join with its opposite end.

Lay the eiderdown on the table, right side up, and lay the cover on top of it—also the right side up. Pin the two together at the corners, and at 4 in. intervals along the stitched design and along the joins between the centre panel and the borders. Starting at the middle of the centre panel and working outwards, tack the cover to the eiderdown. Follow the line of the stitched design, and the joins between the centre panel and the borders.

Place the backing, wrong side up, on top of the cover, and tack the cover to the backing close to the piping. Machine the edges of the cover and backing together, again going as close to the piping cord as possible, on three of the four sides. On the fourth side, machine in only 12 in. from each end to allow the eiderdown to be turned inside out through the unstitched gap.

Tack the two covers to the eiderdown at 6-in. intervals round the same three sides on which the cover and backing were machined. Now turn the cover and backing inside out, with the eiderdown attached to the cover. Stitch the edges of the fourth side together.

With the eiderdown flat on the table, tack the back all round the stitched design in the centre of the eiderdown, and along the joins between the centre panel and the border. At this stage remove all pins from the cover.

To machine the design on the eiderdown, use matching cotton, a large stitch, and a size 16 machine needle. Put the eiderdown on the sewing machine—the help of another person makes lighter work of this—and, starting from the centre, machine outwards round the design. Take care that the back is not being creased: check each time there is a change of direction. Finally, remove all tacking.

TO MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE BEDSPREAD

8½ yd. of 48-in. material for cover and frills; 20 ft. of medium piping cord; 9 yd. of gathering tape; sewing machine with piping foot attachment.

To find how much material is needed, measure the length from behind the pillows, over them and down to the foot of the bed. For a 6 ft. 6 in. bed the length will be about 7 ft. 6 in. Add another 3 in. for hem and turning.

To find the width of the border, measure from the top of the blankets to the floor. The average for this is 21 in. Add 3 in. for hem and turning. To allow for gathering, the length of the border must be approximately one and a half times the distance round the outside of three sides of the bed—i.e. 26 ft. for a bed 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

Transfer the measurements to the material as illustrated, and cut it. Machine the strip 8 in. wide along one side of the top section, taking care to join the pattern correctly if there is one. Make a 2-in. hem at the pillow end of the top section.

Cut out 20 ft. of bias tape for the piping, as with the eiderdown, but this time make the strips 1¼ in. wide because the piping cord is thicker. Tack the cord into the bias. To find the shape of the pillow gussets, make a paper pattern of a side-section view of the pillows, treating the back edge of the pillows as a vertical line. Use the pattern to cut out the gussets.

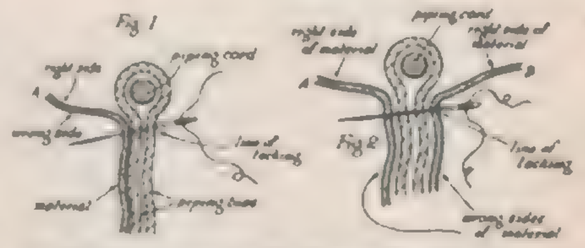
Tack piping round the curved top, and back edge of each gusset, laying the piping on the right side of the material as illustrated. With the top of the bedspread on a table, right side up, tack the gussets to the sides of the top as shown. Then use a piping foot attachment on the sewing machine to sew them on, bringing the stitches close to the cord. The top section of the bedspread is now shaped so that it takes care of the hump made by the pillows.

Then tack piping round the three edges of the top section of the bedspread where the frill will go, including the bottom edges of the gussets. When reaching the joins between the gussets and the top, remove about 1 in. of the cord inside the piping to make a smooth additional join.

Join together the pieces of the frill so that they form one length of material 26 ft. by 2 ft. Put a 2-in. hem along one of the long edges, and 2-in. hems on the short edges.

The remaining long edge of the frill must now be gathered round the edges of the top section. Mark the frill into sections, each 36 in. long, and sew a 36-in. strip of gathering tape along each section. Tie the cords of the tape together at one end of each strip, and leave them hanging at the other.

Then mark the three sides of the top of the bedspread into sections each 24 in. long. Pin the 36 in. marks on the frill to the 24 in. marks on the



bedspread, and pull the gathering tapes tight to reduce the length of the top of the frill to the same length as the outside of the bedspread. Tack the frill firmly into place, then machine close to the piping, using the piping foot on the sewing machine. Hand-sew any unfinished corners or joins, and press all seams.

below the corners. Hang it in position. Begin by allowing only the top 3 ft. or so of the edge which butts against the chalk line to attach themselves to the wall. Keep the rest of the piece well away from the wall until this has been done. Then press the rest of the piece against the wall, using the pad of rags or hand-brush to smooth out bubbles. Apply a gentle pressure downwards and outwards.

Tuck the top and bottom ends of the piece snugly into the picture rail and skirting. Press a back edge of the scissors along the creases to mark them. Gently pull enough of the piece away from the wall to cut off the two surplus strips before giving the paper a final smoothing.

Hang the second piece by the same method, but when pressing it to the wall, keep it about one-eighth of an inch away from the nearest edge of the first piece, and close the gap by sliding the second piece up to the first. Continue this routine for hanging the remaining pieces.

The simplest way of getting paper round corners is to plan, or cut specially, the pieces so that it will not be necessary to go round an inward corner by more than half an inch, or round an outward corner by more than 2 in.

The problem of obtaining a neat finish round a light switch, or similar obstruction, can be solved by holding the paper, unpasted, against the wall, and making a small hole corresponding with the centre of the switch. Lay the paper on the table and make about a dozen cuts radiating from the original hole, opening up a larger hole about twice the diameter of the switch. Paste the paper, hang it, and trim off the jagged edges round the switch.

When all the pieces have been hung, remove any paste which may have got on woodwork, as it may damage paint.

If the paper is in a part of the house where it will get heavy wear or be subject to condensation, apply a coat of the new emulsion varnish. This will lengthen the paper's life by giving it a near-invisible protective film.

DISTEMPERING WALLS

A 4-lb. tin of distemper for the first coat, plus a 7-lb. tin for the second coat—making a total of 11 lb.—is often enough for doing the walls, from skirting to picture rail, of an average room. Distemper offers a rapid, simple means of freshening old wallpaper which is still in good condition.

If the wallpaper is beginning to peel, though, it must come off.

If the wall has already been distempered, wash and scrape off as much of the old distemper as possible. Repair any cracks with filler, as for a ceiling. Pour the contents of the 4-lb. tin into a bucket. Then stir and add water until a fairly thin creamy consistency is reached. Alternatively, petrifying liquid, of the type recommended by the makers of the distemper, is particularly good for thinning. It produces a distemper which will work better, wash better and be altogether more durable.

Start on a wall adjoining the main window and work away from the light, using sheets of newspaper to keep the floor clean. A 4-in. or 2-in. brush, lightly charged, will be needed to reach right up to the window frame and along the skirting and picture rail, but a roller is ideal for speeding the coverage of the rest of the wall.

Apply the distemper in vertical strips about 1 ft. wide, and finish each wall entirely, without allowing the distemper to dry, before moving on to the next.

When using a brush for the centre part of a wall, brush in all directions to spread the distemper evenly. Blend each vertical strip into its neighbours and apply the final stroke lightly, with the tips of the bristles only, in a downwards direction.

Leave the first coat overnight to dry thoroughly before using the 7-lb. tin for the second coat, thinning it to a slightly thicker consistency than the first coat.

PAPERING A CEILING

The main equipment for this job is a firm platform on which to stand. A stout table will do, but a strong, wide plank supported between two pairs of steps is a better arrangement. The height of the plank can be adjusted to give a 1-ft. clearance above the head.

A preliminary coating of size makes for easier working and better adhesion, so, after preparing the ceiling as for distempering, brush on a solution of ¼ lb. of concentrated size dissolved in half a gallon of water.

As with papering a wall, success with papering a ceiling depends on getting the first piece perfectly straight. Choose a wall which runs at right-angles to the main source of light, and start hanging the paper up to, and parallel with the edge between the ceiling and the wall, or between the ceiling and the cornice.

In order to make a guiding line for the inside edge of the first piece, pencil a mark, showing the exact width of the paper, on each edge of the ceiling where an end of the paper will come. At intervals of 2 ft. or 3 ft., make similar marks all along where the paper will be put up, each time marking the width of the paper by measuring inwards at right-angles from the edge of the ceiling.

Rub a piece of fine string with coloured chalk or charcoal and, with the help of another person, stretch it under the ceiling between the two end marks. If the string does not pass through all the other marks, this means that the edge of the ceiling is not true, and both ends of the string must be moved together equally in the same direction so that the string passes through the mark nearest to the edge. Then pluck the string, marking a line along which the inside edge will run.

Paste the paper as for wallpapering, but after pasting each table length, fold it, concertina fashion, in folds about 12 in. long.

Rest the concertina lengthwise across the top of a support consisting of a narrow, smooth-edged strip of wood or a partly used roll of paper. Then climb on to the table or plank—which should be directly under the guiding line, at the end of the room away from the windows—holding the support and paper in the left hand and having a soft-bristle paperhanger's brush ready in a pocket or placed on the top of one of the pairs of steps.

Face the long edge of the ceiling along which the paper will run, peel back the top fold of the paper, and with the right hand press it firmly on to the ceiling, the inner edge touching the guiding line. Allow 2 in. to overlap at the end for trimming.

While adjusting the position of this vital first fold and smoothing it out with the brush, make sure to keep the rest of the paper, on its support, close up to the ceiling.

The remainder of the paper goes up in a combined operation. With the left hand holding the support and guiding the inner edge of the paper along the line, more folds are released. Meanwhile, the brush in the other hand smooths out bubbles and wrinkles, working from the middle of the paper, out to the edges.

On reaching the end of the length, tuck the paper well into the edge between the ceiling and the wall—or cornice—and mark the crease by pressing the back of a scissor blade along it. Trim off the surplus. Also, if necessary, trim off the surplus which has overlapped on the long edge of the paper, and return to the start of the length, smoothing it out again if it needs it, and trimming off the surplus there.

Put up the second, and subsequent, lengths in the same way, and make the joins undetectable by sliding each edge up to the preceding length, so that the edges are close together, side by side, but not overlapping.

DISTEMPERING A CEILING

A 4-lb. tin of ceiling distemper is usually sufficient for an average ceiling, 12 ft. by 11 ft., but a 7-lb. tin will probably be needed if there is a frieze running down to a picture rail.

Prepare the room by moving furniture and carpets out of the way and covering the floor with newspaper. Wash off any existing distemper with an absorbent rag or sponge dipped in a bucket of clean water—a stripping knife may be needed to remove obstinate flakes—and repair any cracks with filler. If a crack is a wide one, undercut the edges, making the crack wider at the back than at the front. When the crack has been wetted with clean water and the filler pressed into it and levelled, the filler will be held in place.

Then give the ceiling a light rub with glasspaper and, if the distemper to be used is of a type which, according to the maker's instructions, requires a coating of size, add ¼ lb. of concentrated size to half a gallon of water. Apply a thin, even coat over the ceiling, using a 6-in. brush. Clean the brush and allow the size to dry.

To apply the distemper, pour it out of the tin into a bucket and, if necessary, add water and stir until it is the consistency of thick cream.

Distemper dries quickly. Once started, a ceiling has to be completed at once.

After doing the main part of the ceiling, starting above the windows and working away from them in strips 1 ft. wide—a roller speeds this job enormously, and needs little practice to be used without making a mess—use a brush to do the cornice, if there is one, and then the frieze.

Three ideas from the homes of the famous

A STAR-STUDDED CEILING FOR CHARMIAN INNES

THE bathroom ceiling in the north-west London home of Charmian Innes, the radio panellist and comedienne, set her a problem of decoration. The height seemed out of proportion to the rest of the room, and a bold colour, contrasting with the white walls, was needed to make it appear lower.

At first, she wanted to use dark blue ceiling paper covered with gold stars, but her husband, Donald McIntosh, pointed out that steam would soon cause it to peel off. "I liked the look of the paper so much, though," she says, "that we improvised a similar design."

The ceiling, which is 10 ft. by 7 ft., was cleaned and smoothed with glasspaper. Afterwards it was painted with dark blue glossy waterproof paint, and she and her husband made fifty stars varying in size from 1 in. to 4 in. in diameter.

Each was drawn in pencil on gold foil of the type used for Christmas decorations. The outline was obtained by superimposing one equilateral triangle on another. Then each star was cut out with scissors and stuck on the ceiling with waterproof adhesive.

MRS. GROVE BRIGHTENS A WARTIME HOTCH-POTCH

ACTRESS Ruth Dunning—"Mrs. Grove" of the television serial—used to be dissatisfied with her bedroom furniture. It had been collected piece by piece during the war, when suites were scarce, and the wardrobe, dressing-table and chest were in different woods—oak, mahogany and walnut.

Miss Dunning, who is married to actor Jack Allen and lives at Campden Hill, London, decided that the only way to make them match was to paint them one colour.

The first step was to clean off the wax polish with a rag moistened with paraffin. Then loose strips of decorative beading were re-glued; the screws in the hinges and catches were tightened, and cracks in the woodwork filled with plastic wood. All the items were rubbed down with glasspaper to provide a surface on which the paint could grip.

She had decided on a light cream colour for the final finish, so there had had to be two undercoats to kill the colours of the darker woods and prevent them from showing through. "As a final, distinctive touch," she says, "the beading and handles of the drawers and doors were painted a rich gold."

EAMONN'S WINDOW SCHEME BRINGS ROOM TO MOVE

EAMONN ANDREWS, the TV and radio star, has given himself extra space in the bedroom of his London flat by installing a specially long dressing-table. Only 17 in. wide, it extends for 7 ft. 2 in. beneath a large window.

Where a plain wall comes at one end of the table there is a tier of drawers 4 ft. 6 in. high and 3 ft. 6 in. wide.

The table, constructed of ½-in. wood and painted grey, takes the form of an elaborate bookshelf supported by uprights at each end. It covers a radiator which complicated the installation of a conventional dressing-table by coming under the middle of the window. On each side of the radiator are three shelves covered with plastic panelling.

The top of the table, on which stands a triple mirror flanked by table lamps, is covered with plate glass.

Finding some matching rose-coloured velvet for the pelmet and curtains across the front of the table was easy. "When we moved into the flat," says Andrews's wife Grainne, "the curtains over the window reached to the floor. After the table had been built, we cut the unwanted fabric from the bottoms of the curtains and used that."

RELAX IN LUXURY

THESE illustrations are full of new and easy do-it-yourself ideas for "upstairs" luxury. Only basic carpentry is involved. Complete instructions are given in this Supplement.

Every member of the family is included. The main bedroom (below) has a spacious linen and blanket chest at the foot of the bed, a decorative fabric-covered bedhead, a bedside table, a shoe cupboard, a wardrobe mirror mounted on the wall, and an ingenious wardrobe extension which makes the most of space between a wardrobe and the wall of a recess.

Construct the extension on the lines of the built-in wardrobe in the boy's bedroom, using a free-standing frame for the side which comes against the bought wardrobe and supporting the shelves on battens.

Ideas in the boy's bedroom are a bookcase-bureau, a wall scrapbook simply made of hardboard screwed over the fireplace, covered with baize and framed, and a unique bedhead unit which includes a cupboard.

The stool appears in his sister's room as a companion to a kidney-shaped dressing-table. Above the bedhead there is an arc of framed silhouettes, cut from tracings of photographs.

Make the top of her corner wardrobe out of a triangle of plywood supported by battens. The shelves are smaller versions of the top.

The bathroom has been modernized with a panelled bath and washbasin. There is also a stool with a cork top, a wall cabinet—and an old doorknocker used as a towel rail. Striped steam-proof wallpaper hung horizontally makes the room seem wider.

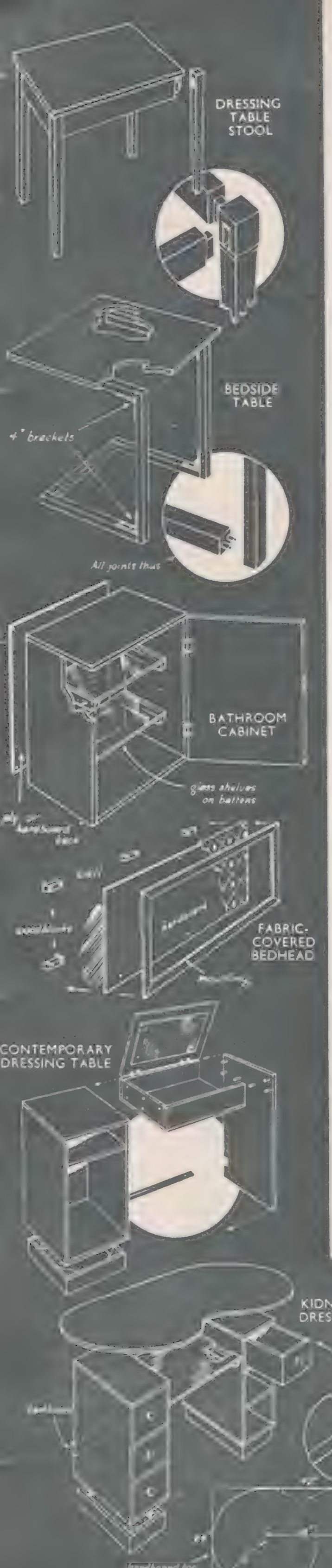
MAIN BEDROOM

BATHROOM

GIRL'S BEDROOM

BOY'S BEDROOM

A STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE FOR



DRESSING TABLE STOOL

Four hardwood legs, each 19 in. × 1¼ in. × 1¼ in.; two hardwood side rails, each 13¼ × 2 × 1; two hardwood end rails, each 10¼ × 2 × 1; plywood panel, 15 × 12 × ¼; foam rubber cushioning, 15 × 12; and fabric, 24 × 21.

Cut two ¼-in. × 1½-in. mortises to a depth of ½ in. in the inside faces of each leg as shown, and cut tenons at each end of the side and end rails for them.

Next, taper the legs. Divide the bottom of each leg into half with a line drawn parallel to one of the inside faces. Mark a point on each side edge of that face, 2 in. from the top of the leg, and draw lines between these points and the ends of the bottom dividing line.

Place the leg in a vice with the bottom uppermost, and at such an angle that the line of taper is vertical. Use a fine-toothed saw to cut down the line.

Now draw across the bottom a line which is parallel to the other inside face, and which cuts the remaining half of the bottom in two. Again, join the ends of the line to points on the side edges of the face, 2 in. from the top of the leg. Cut to that degree of taper.

Fix the rails firmly into the legs with glue. Before allowing the glue to set, make sure that the frame is square by standing it on a flat level surface. Pin the plywood panel across the top of the frame.

Place the rubber cushioning in position and cover it with fabric, pulling the fabric down over the rails and tacking it underneath them.

For a young girl's bedroom, finish the job with a decorative frill round the stool.

BEDSIDE TABLE

Two softwood legs, each 40 × 1½ × 1½; two softwood base lengths, each 32½ × 1½ × 1½; softwood base rail, 25 × 1½ × 1½; two softwood table supports, each 32½ × 1½ × 1½; table top of plastic-covered blockboard, 36 × 30; four 4-in. metal angle brackets.

Assemble the frame as shown, using dowel joints. Strengthen the angles between the legs and table supports and the base lengths by screwing in the metal brackets.

Secure the top across the table supports by means of screws, which are inserted up through the supports. Then finish by staining and polishing or painting.

BATHROOM CABINET

For the top: 1 piece of ½-in. board, 9 × 6.

For the bottom: 1 piece of ½-in. board, 8 × 6.

For the sides: 2 pieces of ½-in. board, 11½ × 6.

For the door: 1 piece of 5-ply, 9 × 12; two ½-in. brass hinges; bevelled mirror, 9 × 12 × ¼, drilled with four ½-in. holes at each corner, and ½-in. hole for handle; four ½-in. mirror fixing screws which have detachable brass heads; ball catch of suitable size; and a chromium handle.

For the back: 1 piece of ¼-in. hardboard, 12 × 9.

For the inside: 4 battens, 4½ in. long; 2 pieces of plate glass, 7½ × 4½.

With ½-in. dowelling fit top and bottom butt joints of the cabinet, and glue. Pin and glue hardboard back. Hinge door, cutting groove for hinges in both door and cabinet half total thickness of hinge. Fix ball catch to door. Screw on the mirror and handle. To inside of cabinet screw four battens to support shelves. Glasspaper the cabinet and paint. Insert glass shelves.

FABRIC-COVERED BEDHEAD

Base of ¼-in. blockboard, 54 × 24; 13 ft. of 3-in. moulding; six wooden blocks, each 2 × 1 × 1; fabric, 58 × 28.

Fix the wooden blocks to the wall by means of 2½-in. screws inserted into wooden plugs in holes let into the wall. Place the blocks as shown, so that the blockboard base can be screwed into position on them. Firmly panel-pin the fabric round the edges of the base.

Cut the moulding with mitred corners to make a frame. Screw the moulding round the front edges of the base, countersinking the screwheads. Paint the moulding to match rest of bedroom.

CONTEMPORARY DRESSING TABLE

For the cabinet half: The same as for cabinet of bedhead unit.

For the mirror-box half: Bottom of ½-in. blockboard, 14 × 19½; short end piece of ½-in. blockboard, 12½ × 6; two sides of ½-in. veneered blockboard, each 19½ × 6; long end piece of ½-in. veneered blockboard, 14 × 30; top of ½-in. veneered blockboard, 20 × 14; two 2-in. brass butt hinges; sliding metal stay to support top when open; mirror 16 × 10 with corner holes for screws; softwood back rail, 36 × 2 × ½.

Construct the cabinet as for the cabinet of bedhead unit. Cut a recess in the large end piece of the mirror-box half to take the back rail as shown. Assemble the mirror-box half with dowel joints as shown. Screw the short end on to the side of the cabinet and screw the back rail in position. Screw the mirror to the underside of the top with dome-headed chromium-plated screws; screw on the top's metal stay.

KIDNEY-SHAPED DRESSING TABLE

For the two pedestals: Four sides of ½-in. blockboard, each 27 × 14; two top pieces, two bottom and four middle pieces, each 14 × 7½; two ¼-in. hardboard backs, each 27 × 9.

For the two plinths: Four softwood lengths, each 13 × 3 × 1; four softwood lengths, each 8 × 3 × 1.

For the six drawers: Six ½-in. blockboard fronts, each 7½ × 8$\frac{7}{16}$; twelve ½-in. softwood sides, each 13 × 7$\frac{13}{16}$; six ½-in. softwood backs, each 7½ × 7$\frac{13}{16}$; six ¼-in. hardboard bottoms, each 13¼ × 7½; six handles.

For the centre: ¼-in. hardboard shelf, 18 × 14; two supporting softwood battens, each 14 × 1 × 1; softwood back rail, 36 × 2 × 1.

For the top: ½-in. plywood panel, 42 × 24.

Assemble each pedestal, as shown, using dowel joints. Construct the plinths with mitred corners reinforced with triangular blocks. Screw a plinth to the underside of each pedestal by means of screws which are inserted up through the blocks. Then assemble each drawer as illustrated and fix on the handle.

Panel-pin the battens for the centre shelf to the inner sides of the pedestals. Place the pedestals 18 in. apart. Screw the back rail across them and fix in the centre shelf with panel pins. Cut out the plywood top, using compass marks as shown, and screw it across the tops of the pedestals, countersinking the screwheads.

Fix curtain rail along under the front edge of the top. Make a fabric top cover, pelmet and curtains, and cover the top with plate glass, bought cut to size, with bevelled edges.

BUREAU-BOOKCASE

For the bureau: One upright of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 38½ × 10; one upright of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 37½ × 10; top of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 18 × 10; shelf of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 16½ × 10; shelf of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 16½ × 9½; 4 wooden battens, each 9 × 1 × 1; 2 wooden battens, each 8½ × 1 × 1; flap of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 16½ × 11½; two cabinet stays; 1 piece of ¼-in. plywood, 16½ × 6, and six pieces, each 10½ × 6, for pigeonholes; two doors of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, each 25½ × 8½; six 2-in. brass butt hinges; 3 handles; ball catch.

For the bookcase: Upright of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 26½ × 10; top of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 24 × 10; two shelves of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, each 23½ × 10; five wooden battens, each 9 × 1 × 1.

For the base of unit: ¼-in. veneered blockboard, 40½ × 10.

For the plinth: Two pieces of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, each 40½ × 10; two pieces of ¼-in. veneered blockboard, each 9 × 3.

For the back of unit: Cut from piece of ¼-in. hardboard, 42 × 39.

Make the plinth with mitred corners reinforced with triangular blocks, and fix the plinth to the underside of the base with screws inserted up through the blocks.

Curve one end of each batten and screw the battens to the sides of the uprights as shown. Assemble the base and uprights, as shown, using dowel joints. Screw in the shelves with screws inserted down through into the battens, countersinking the screwheads.

Start with the bottom shelves and work upwards. Then fix on the tops of the bookcase and bureau with dowel joints. Cut and panel-pin on the back of the unit.

Make the pigeonholes for the bureau with plywood as illustrated. Glue them in position. Screw on the flap of the bureau with hinges and

FURNISHING YOUR HOME

handle. Fix on the cabinet stays to hold the flap horizontal when opened. Fix on the doors, hinges and handles.

LINEN AND BLANKET CHEST

For the frame: 4 softwood uprights, 20 × 1½ × 1½; 2 uprights, 17 × 1½ × 1½; 4 rails, 44½ × 1½ × 1½;. 5 cross-rails, 18 × 1½ × 1½.

For the bottom: 1 piece of hardboard, 47½ × 21 × ¼.

For the panels: 2 pieces of hardboard, 48 × 20 × ¼; 2 pieces of hardboard, 21 × 20 × ¼.

For the top: 1 piece of blockboard, 48 × 21¼ × ¾; two 2-in. brass butt hinges.

Using dowel joints, assemble the front and back of the frame. When dry, dowel the cross-rails.

Cut out the bottom and insert it with nails. Panel-pin the side, front and back panels to the frame and fix on the top with hinges.

BUILT-IN WARDROBE

Two uprights of 2 × 1 softwood, each the length from top of skirting to ceiling; three cross-pieces of 2 × 1 softwood, each the width of the wardrobe; two side pieces of 2 × 1 softwood, each the depth of the wardrobe, minus 3 in.; two wall battens, each 6 × 2 ×1; two screw-on holders for fixing coat-hanger rail to battens; metal coat-hanger rail the width of wardrobe minus 2 in.; four pieces of 3 × 1 softwood for plinth, two the width of wardrobe minus twice the thickness of the skirting board, and two the depth of the wardrobe minus 2 in.; two front corner supports for plinth, each 3 × 1½ × 1½; bottom of wardrobe in ¼-in. hardboard; shelf in ¼-in. hardboard; two main doors in ¾-in. veneered blockboard; two small doors in ¼-in. veneered blockboard; ten 2-in. brass butt hinges; four door handles and ball catches; 8 in. of 2 in. × 2 in. softwood for making door stops.

Assemble front of frame by fixing top cross-piece across the two uprights with dowel joints, and cutting and gluing front shelf cross-piece into recesses cut in the uprights as shown.

Fix the frame to the wall by means of 2½-in. screws inserted in wooden plugs in holes let into the wall.

Secure the rear cross-piece, and the side pieces on which the shelf also rests, to the wall in the same way. Also fix the coat-hanger rail battens to the wall and screw the holders containing the rail to them. Assemble the plinth, screwing back and sides to the skirting board and the front piece to the sides by means of corner supports. Nail the bottom and shelf in position.

Fix on the doors with hinges. Fit the handles and ball catches. Screw 2-in. strips of 1 in. × 1 in. softwood centrally on the bottom, the under and top sides of the front shelf cross-piece, and under the top cross-piece, to act as stops for the doors.

BATHROOM STOOL

Eight pieces of wood 1¼ × 1¼ × 17; four pieces 2 × 1 × 9½; four pieces of 3 × 1 × 11½; four triangular pieces for plinth; one piece of plywood 12½ × 12½ × ¼; one piece of cork sheeting 12½ × 12½ × ½; four pieces of ¼ in. hardboard; two 1½-in. brass hinges.

Using dowel joints, construct front and back frames. When glue is dry, insert side rails, and glue the two frames together. Glue and pin hardboard to outside of frames. Mitre ends of plinth pieces and assemble with triangular blocks; screw plinth to bottom of stool. Hinge plywood seat, allowing for overlap at front. Pin and glue cork sheet to seat. When thoroughly dry, glasspaper edges to give a rounded finish.

Paint stool with enamel, using a contrasting colour for the plinth.

BEDHEAD UNIT

For the bedhead: ¼-in. panel of veneered blockboard, 57 × 24.

For the bookshelf: length of ¾-in. veneered blockboard, 16 × 6; two side supports of ¾-in. veneered blockboard, each 6 × 6; two inner supports of softwood, each 5 × 1 × 1.

For the cabinet: Top of ¾-in. veneered blockboard, 16 × 14; two sides of ¾-in. veneered blockboard, each 26½ × 14; bottom and middle piece of ¾-in. veneered blockboard, each 14½ × 14; plinth of two lengths of ¾-in. veneered blockboard, each 14 × 3, and two lengths, each 12 × 3; and ¼-in. hardboard back, 27 × 16.

For the cabinet drawer: ¾-in. veneered blockboard front, 14½ × 6; two ¾-in. softwood sides, each 13 × 5½; ¼-in. softwood back, 14½ × 5½; ¼-in. hardboard bottom, 13½ × 14½; handle.

For the cabinet door: ¾-in. panel of veneered blockboard, 18½ × 14½; two 2-in. brass butt hinges; handle and ball catch.

Screw the bookshelf's inner supports to the bedhead, 8 in. below the top edge. Screw the side supports, curved as shown, to the inner supports, and screw the top of the shelf across the side supports, countersinking the screwheads.

Fix the bedhead to the wall at the back of the bed by means of screws inserted into wooden plugs in holes let into the wall.

Assemble the cabinet as shown, fixing the sides to the bottom and middle pieces, and the top across the sides, with dowel joints. Fix on the back with panel pins.

Make and assemble the plinth and drawer as for the kidney-shaped dressing table.

SHOE CUPBOARD

For the sides: 2 pieces of blockboard, 34 × 17 × ¾.

For the top: 1 piece of blockboard, 30 × 20 × ¾.

For the back: 1 piece of hardboard, 34 × 24 × ¼.

For the inside: 2 wooden battens, 17 × 1 × 1; 6 dowel rods, 24 × ¾; 60-in. curtain rail and fittings.

Mark on the outer side of one side piece places for drilling ¾-in. holes for the dowel rods. When drilling, place the other side piece underneath to ensure that holes will be exactly opposite. Screw in the battens. Fix the curtain rail 1½ in. in round under the front and side edges of the top.

Fix the top to the sides by screws inserted through the undersides of the battens. Allow the top to overlap by ½ in. at rear to cover back.

Insert and glue the dowel rods; fix the back. Stain the dowel rods. Hang curtains to cover the front and sides of cupboard and make a fabric top with wide pelmet. The top can also be covered with bevelled plate glass, 30 in. × 20 in.

MODERNIZING A BATH

2 × 2 softwood for corner upright and top of frame, cut according to size of bath; 2 × 1 softwood for end uprights, base supports and four vertical battens; enamelled hardboard for side panels and to cover gap at curved end of bath; aluminium cover strip for corner; quarter-round moulding for bottom edges of side panels.

Cut the frame to suit the bath, screw it together and assemble by placing the end section in position first, inserting it under the rim of the bath before gently forcing it vertical. Repeat with side frame.

If necessary, insert three or four thin wedges under the base of the frame to hold it in place, and screw down through the base of the frame and through the wedges into the floorboards.

Fix end uprights to the walls by means of screws inserted into wooden plugs let into the walls.

Use dome-headed chromium-plated screws to fix side panels to the frame. Cover the gap at the curved end of the bath, with hardboard cut to shape and panel-pinned in place. Screw on the corner cover strip.

Finish by panel-pinning the moulding to the floor.

MODERNIZING A WASH BASIN

1½ × 1½ softwood for uprights and cross-pieces; two side panels of ¼-in. hardboard; bottom panel of ¼-in. hardboard; blockboard door; two 2-in. brass butt hinges; door handle and catch.

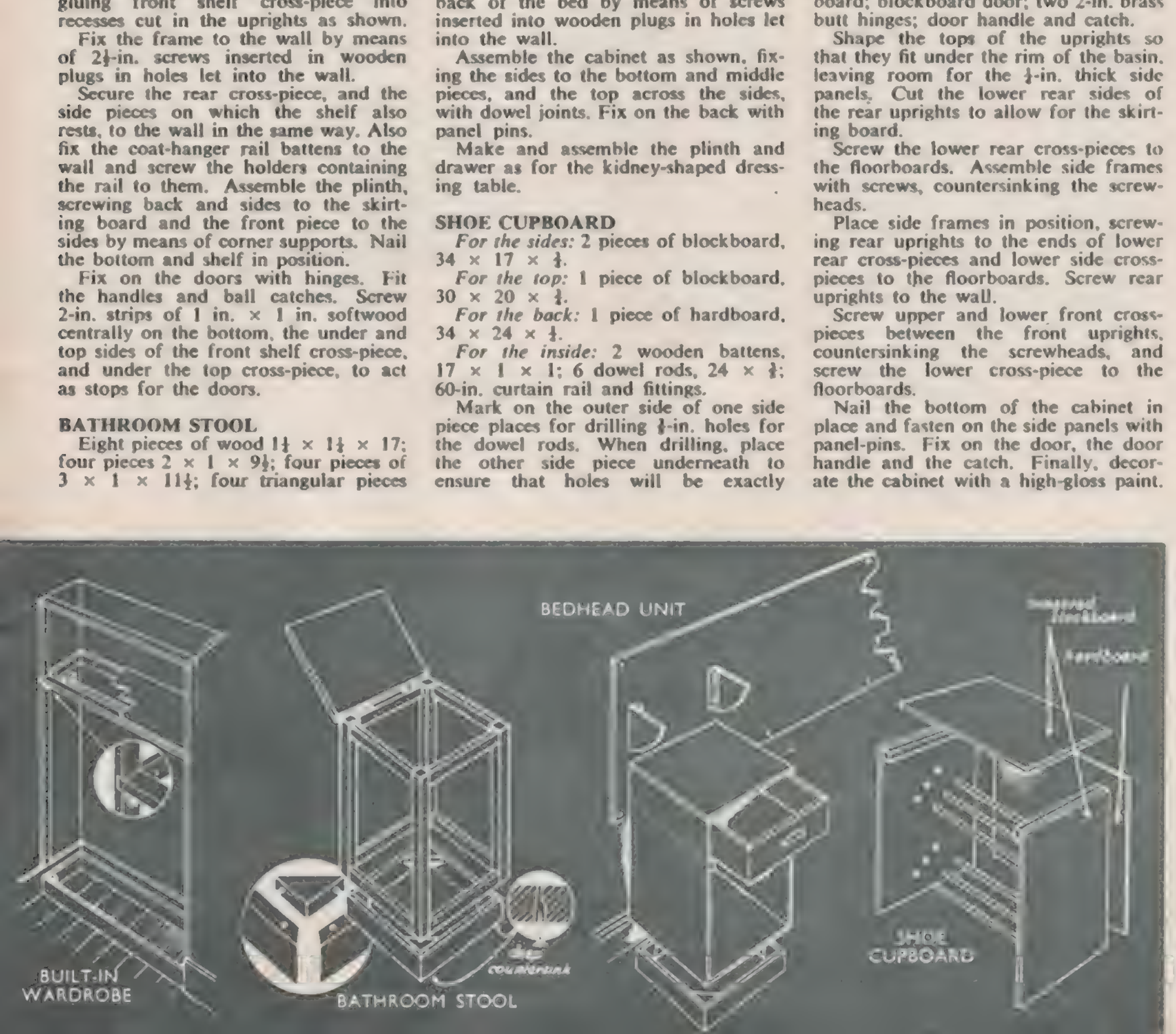
Shape the tops of the uprights so that they fit under the rim of the basin, leaving room for the ¼-in. thick side panels. Cut the lower rear sides of the rear uprights to allow for the skirting board.

Screw the lower rear cross-pieces to the floorboards. Assemble side frames with screws, countersinking the screwheads.

Place side frames in position, screwing rear uprights to the ends of lower rear cross-pieces and lower side cross-pieces to the floorboards. Screw rear uprights to the wall.

Screw upper and lower front cross-pieces between the front uprights, countersinking the screwheads, and screw the lower cross-piece to the floorboards.

Nail the bottom of the cabinet in place and fasten on the side panels with panel-pins. Fix on the door, the door handle and the catch. Finally, decorate the cabinet with a high-gloss paint.



How to paint like an expert

THE secrets of easy, successful painting, indoors or outdoors, are (1) a thorough preparation of the surface to be painted, and (2) the use of good-quality paint and equipment.

Where indoor painting is concerned, two brushes, a 1½-in. and ¾-in., will meet the needs of most handymen. Old paint which is in bad condition should be softened with a chemical stripper and removed. Fill all cracks with plastic wood or filler, and glasspaper the surface.

Small areas can be de-greased with paraffin, but large areas like walls and ceilings are best washed with decorator's sugar soap. Then clean off the surface with water and allow to dry before painting.

If existing woodwork is dark, an undercoat of aluminium paint will make it easy to cover with a lighter shade. After applying any undercoat, allow it to dry and rub down lightly with glasspaper to remove any dust. Before applying topcoat carefully and generously, make sure the room is free from dust, especially under the skirting and round the picture rails. Time-savers are the quick-drying emulsion paints, and the rollers for large areas.

Outside painting should not be attempted in frosty weather. Two brushes are needed: a 2-in. and a 1-in. Ordinary household steps can be used for painting a bungalow, and a double fourteen-rung ladder, which can often be hired from a builder, should reach the guttering of a two-storey house. Longer ladders are best left to professionals.

Large areas outside are best stripped with a blowlamp and scraper, although chemicals can be used. Woodwork should be prepared as for indoors, but bare metal or wood should receive a coat of primer, and knots should be painted with shellac knotting.

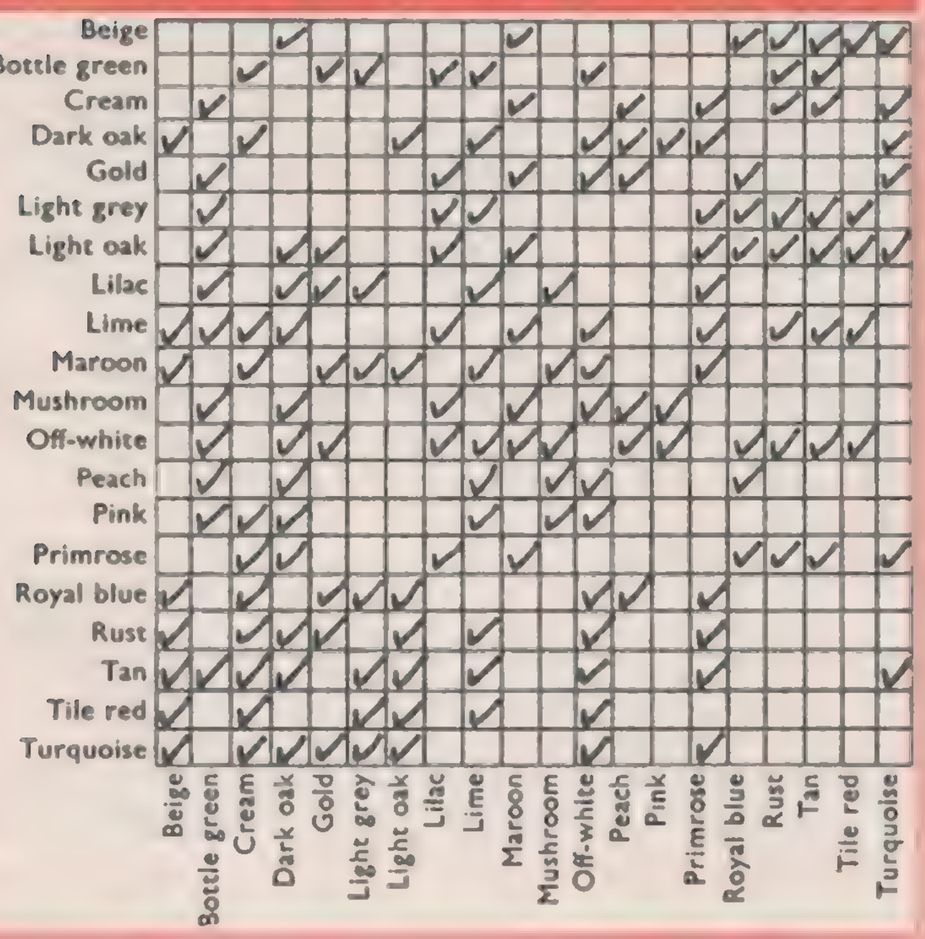
Every painting job is simpler if a routine is followed. Indoors, put down newspaper and clear furniture out of the way. Have a bottle of turps and a rag handy to clean away splashes. When doing a window-frame, start from the inside and work outwards. Paint doors in this order: panels, tops, middle-pieces, bottoms, and sides.

Outside, painting doors and gates is just as straightforward. When painting casement frames, begin with the edges round each moveable window. Then do the rest of the window, other windows, finishing with the main surround and the sill.

The easiest way of keeping a paint brush fresh overnight is to suspend it in a jar of water by means of a wire passed through a hole drilled in the handle. Before using the brush again, shake it well and remove all traces of water by brushing it out on newspaper. When painting has finished, prevent paint from forming a skin in the tin by adding a little linseed oil or turps substitute.

At-a-glance colour and quantity charts

COLOUR MATCHING CHART



RECKONER FOR PAINT

TYPE	WHERE TO USE	QUANTITY	COVERAGE (in sq. yds.)
Emulsion paint	Interior walls and ceilings, exterior cement rendering, stucco, brickwork	1 quart	16
Oilbound undercoat	Interior and exterior painted surfaces	1 pint	7
Eggshell-finish dripless paint	Interior walls and ceilings, interior and exterior wood and metal	1 quart	18
Flat wall paint	Interior walls and ceilings	1 quart	20
Semi-gloss paint	Interior woodwork, etc.	1 pint	8
Rubb ized paint	Kitchens, bathrooms, etc.	1 pint	8
Interior gloss paint	Walls, woodwork and metalwork, especially in kitchens and bathrooms	1 pint	8
Exterior gloss paint	Exterior woodwork and metalwork	1 pint	8
Paint stripper	Interior and exterior paint	1 pint	7
Rust preventive	Metal window frames and exterior metalwork	½ pint	3 avge. frames
Lead primer	Bare woodwork	1 pint	8
Metal primer	Bare metal	½ pint	15
Linoleum paint	Floors	1 pint	5
Varnish	Woodwork, including furniture, etc.	1 pint	5
Stain, including preservative stains	Floors and woodwork, including furniture	1 pint	8
Creosote	Unpainted exterior wood	½ gall.	10

RECKONER FOR CONCRETE

JOB	Approximate number of 2-gall. buckets to mix 3 cu. ft.	CEMENT	SAND	SHINGLE	WATER
Foundations and footings to walls		1	3½	5	Just under ¾
Garage floors, thick walls		1½	3	5	¾
Paths, steps, pools		1½	3	4½	Just under 1
Fence posts, precast steps, kerbs		2	3	4	1
Concrete rocks, bedding for slabs, filling for paving		2	7½	—	1½
Crazy paving, small slabs for dwarf walls		2½	6¾	—	1½
Rendering to pools		3	6	—	1½

Rustic furniture in the garden

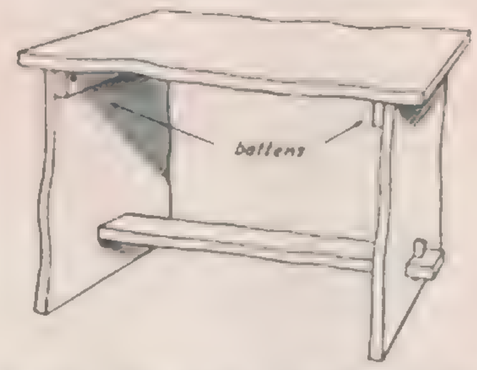
MAKING A STOOL OR TABLE

Materials: Plank of waney elm, 50 in. × 12 in. × 1¼ in. Crossbar of waney elm, 24 × 6 × 1¼. Two pieces of waney elm, each 12 × 2 × 1¼.

Waney elm—"natural" elm board with wavy edges formed by the untrimmed exterior of the tree trunk—is ideal for garden furniture. The cheapest of hardwoods, it weathers to an attractive grey.

First, cut the battens for the underside of the stool or table by cutting a strip 1 in. wide off each end of the plank. To make the legs, saw a piece 14 in. long from each end of the plank, leaving a middle section, 20 in. long, which will serve as the top.

Make pegs for locking the ends of the crossbar by cutting a strip 1 in. wide off each end of the bar. Then cut a rectangle 4 in. × 1 in. out of each corner of the bar, the long side of the rectangle running parallel with the long side of the bar. Screw the battens along the top inside edges of the sides. Then cut a horizontal hole 4 in. × 1¼ in. centrally in each side, 3 in. from the bottom edge, and assemble



the crossbar and sides, drilling a hole in each end of the bar to take a peg.

Place the top in position so that each leg supports the end of the top from which it was cut. This ensures that however much the width of the plank varies, the legs and top fit perfectly. Secure the top by inserting screws into it, up through the undersides of the battens. Smooth wood with a wood rasp or coarse glasspaper.

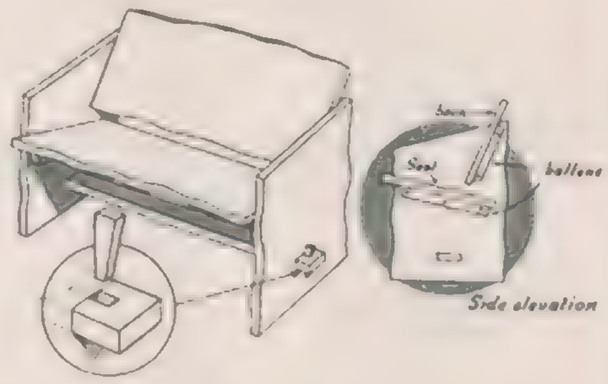
Stools or tables of bigger sizes, but of the same simple design, can, of course, be made by using longer and wider pieces.

MAKING A SEAT

Materials: Three planks of waney elm, each 42 × 18 × 1¼. Crossbar of waney elm, 56 × 6 × 1¼. Four battens of waney elm, each 12 × 1 × 1.

Saw the two side pieces from one of the planks. Next, screw the battens for the seat and back to the inner sides of the side pieces so that the seat will slant backwards slightly to shed rainwater, leaving a gap between the top of the seat and the bottom edge of the back for rain to pass through.

Make the pegs by cutting a 1¼-in. strip off each end of the crossbar. Then cut a rectangle 5½ in. × 1 in. out of each corner of the bar, the long side of the rectangle running parallel with the long side of the bar. Cut a horizontal hole 4 in. × 1¼ in. centrally in each side, 4 in. above the bottom edge, and assemble the crossbar and sides, drilling a hole in each end of the bar to take



a peg. Assemble the seat and back, securing them with screws inserted up through the undersides of the battens.

Smooth the front edges of the seat and the tops of the side pieces with a plane or wood rasp. If desired, the new timber can be mellowed with a coat of creosote.

The handyman and the lawyer

ALTHOUGH there are a number of legal complications which may arise when the home handyman starts work, they can usually be surmounted with a little forethought.

The first important rule is to be careful when water, gas or electrical equipment is involved. A maze of by-laws and regulations, varying from district to district, gives boards extensive powers over their services.

In the majority of districts, all water, gas and electrical fittings have to conform to certain standards. Most of the fittings sold in shops meet these requirements, but it is advisable to consult the board concerned before they are installed.

Notification should be given if, for example, it is planned to have an extra power point fixed, an immersion heater put in—or have an existing installation altered, such as by changing the position of the gas cooker.

When a home is rented from a landlord, it must be remembered that it is, after all, his property. Accordingly, the lease will most likely contain specific provisions concerning alterations or additions to the premises.

It is a worthwhile precaution to study a lease before putting up partitions or making built-in cupboards. It may be necessary to ask the landlord for permission first. Even if permission is given it is possible that the fittings, when erected, will become his property.

With regard to erecting "buildings" in gardens, so far as permission under the Town and Country Planning Act is concerned, the regulations have been eased. Permission to construct a shed or henhouse, for example, is no longer necessary provided it does not exceed 12 ft. in height with a ridged roof, or 10 ft. with a flat roof; but when proposing to build a garage, it is essential to notify the local council. It will advise on the permissions which are necessary and can save possible delays later by specifying the type of plans required. Some councils insist on having plans prepared by a qualified architect, while others will accept detailed drawings by an amateur draughtsman. A few councils want plans drawn on linen.

Incidentally, the insurance company which insures the house will also have to be given details of the garage's construction. It may lay down conditions, particularly about fireproofing if the garage is a lean-to one against the house.

Planning permission is invariably needed from the local highway authority, which might be the local council or the county council, in order to make an access to a garage from a road. And permission is also needed to widen any existing access along a trunk or classified road.

Some handymen hesitate to make improvements for fear of increases in their rates. The answer is that small improvements, such as knocking a serving hatch between a kitchen and dining-room, are unlikely to call for rating reconsideration.

People have even converted lofts into recreation rooms without rate increases. But if accommodation is provided for more persons than were taken into account when the premises were last assessed—such as by building extra bedrooms and bathrooms—then rates will almost certainly go up.

Finally, a word of caution for council tenants. If a house or flat is altered or improved in any way and the local council does not like the change it is legally entitled to evict the tenant. It is best to be on the safe side. Before a council tenant embarks on anything substantial he should consult the local housing manager and obtain his written approval.

The restaurant suddenly began to float around Jane's head. "It can't be," she cried. . . . "It isn't really you? My Bill!"

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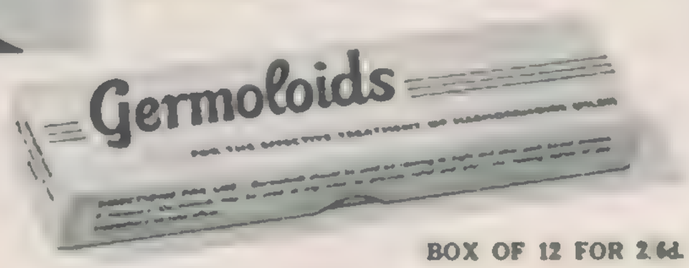

Send postcard to Dept. J.B.60, The Veno Drug Co., St. Helens, Lancs., for free informative booklet giving you the facts about hæmorrhoids, how to treat them, how to prevent them coming back.

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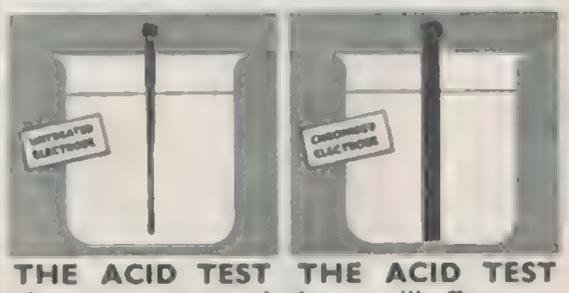

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Strong arm with a load of trouble

by JACK ATACK

When there's danger, Arthur Jones's crane speeds to the rescue. It will save lives—or a comedian's star turn

WHEN he was sent to extract steel piles from a site in a Hampshire woodland, Arthur Jones found that he had to operate his crane in a narrow clearing. He was concentrating on avoiding trees when the jib of his crane hit a power cable. Sparks showered from the chain slings, and the shock threw Jones out of the open cab door to the ground, ten feet below.

A lean, tanned Londoner of thirty-six, Jones works as a one-man flying squad with his mobile crane. The chief hazard of his job—guiding the ten-ton crane through tricky situations—is increased by the emergency nature of his work.

When a beam of pre-cast concrete snapped and threw two workers to the ground at a Tottenham garage, Jones had to take precautions before lowering it. He pointed the jib of his crane to an adjacent roof, scrambled up the jib and walked along the roof on to the shaking beam. By fixing chain slings to it and levering the back of the beam clear of the remaining bolt with a crowbar, he was able to lower it safely to the ground.

With twelve years' experience in his job, Jones has lifted safes, roundabouts, clocks, trees, film cameras and part of a submarine, and he has handled loads worth £15,000. Mounted on the back of a lorry, his crane is capable of lifting four tons at a radius of eight feet.

His jobs have ranged from lifting a car which was stuck in the mud of a man's back garden on to the street, to lifting a small house, weighing four tons, on to a demolition lorry. Once, when a team of newsreel cameramen sought his help, he obliged by swinging them above an exhibition of plant gear so that they could take aerial shots.

Working in a fifty-mile radius of London, Jones completes up to six jobs a day. Once a twelve-month demonstration tour took him 26,000 miles with his crane to all parts of Britain.

"Emergency jobs," says Jones, "are doubly difficult because you have to work quickly and still show the same care as in any other job."

Once Jones went to the aid of a labourer after a hydraulic press that the man was moving down a narrow alley had overturned and trapped his feet. "The job called for exact slinging, because if the machine had dropped after we started lifting, it would have crushed him. And we had to work quickly as he was in great pain."

ANOTHER emergency job called Jones to Euston Station, where an overhead bridge was dangling perilously over a main platform after a dismantler had cut it adrift in the wrong place. Jones examined the section, which had been temporarily lashed to the girders of the roof, and phoned for a company burner. After the burner had released the section safely, Jones lowered it to the platform—just before a boat train arrived.

"Anyone can raise and lower the hook of a crane with a little training," says Geoffrey Collins, a colleague. "But it takes years of experience to do this and to raise and lower the jib and swing the jib around at the same time."

Special care was needed when Jones went to the aid of another crane. It had overturned and slid down a hill, trapping the driver. When Jones arrived, the driver had squeezed out, but the crane was in danger of slipping further. Three times the lifting capacity of Jones's crane, it had to be hoisted two feet at a time and propped up with timbers at each stage.

Once, when Jones was lifting a steel tank on to a platform in a yard, he made a serious error. Because he had not lifted the tank high enough, it jammed between the crane and

Continued on page 56

From the cab Jones swings the jib of his ten-ton crane into action. He completes up to six jobs a day, and charges £2 an hour

Footfalls of Toum

by GERALD MILLWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH BRUCE

Hag Abdullah was just a few paces from a mysterious death. We had to hurry if we were going to save him

ABDULLAH'S workshop was tucked away among the condensers of the power station where I had my first job of any consequence, as assistant engineer. It had only one opening, pipe-framed and giving a glimpse of the distant Red Sea hills, the hills whose colours changed with every angle of the sun.

As you can well imagine, it was pretty breathless there at times, and the injector pump with which Hag Abdullah, the Sudanese carpenter, shared the space, didn't help either. It plodded away all the time, with steady, purposeful thuds, forcing feed-water into the boilers, and it sizzled with the superheated steam which worked it, and warmed the air around it.

A hot spot altogether was Abdullah's little workshop; but it certainly wasn't the heat which was drawing the life out of Hag Abdullah.

There came a day when I noticed that he was getting careless about his green turban and the henna fringe to his full beard. Knowing how proudly he had always worn these marks of the *Hag*—the pilgrim to Mecca—I guessed that something was seriously wrong.

I often used to go down to the condenser room—I had to learn Arabic—and Abdullah and I would talk, and he would be at great pains to see that I understood. The old chap was good at teaching. His kindly face would light up as he marshalled bits of wood, tools, nails, shavings—anything that came handy—to make pictures explaining various words.

But he was changing, becoming apathetic, and one morning I managed to put together enough Arabic to ask him about it.

"You are not well, O Hag Abdullah," I said.

This brought the reply that he was well enough.

"Is it malaria?"

"No."

"Dysentery?"

"No."

"Well, what *is* wrong then?"

He shook his head and began to shift his tools about. Plainly he didn't enjoy being questioned.

I persisted. "If you went to the hospital, they would find out what is wrong and cure you."

Abdullah looked at me. The hopelessness of his sad brown eyes took me aback. He muttered: "If you say go to the hospital, I will go. But your doctor can do me no good." The upshot was that he went not to one but to several doctors, beginning with the junior Sudanese doctor and working steadily upwards.

But all the time he seemed to be losing strength; and more than mere strength—he was losing spirit, too.

The senior doctor in the place, a friend of mine, took great pains with the old pilgrim, but his verdict was the same as the others. No malaria, no dysentery, no typhoid, no Malta fever, no anything; organically sound, and a complete mystery . . . except that my friend thought that Abdullah had something on his mind.

We were at this stage when I went on a couple of months' leave. When I returned, they warned me in the office that I would see Abdullah much changed, but the warning didn't prepare me for the shock I had coming to me when I went down to see him.

HE looked dreadfully ill. My first thought was to marvel at anyone in such a state being able to stay on his feet; my second that Hag Abdullah's light was nearly out.

I greeted him, and he returned my greeting, stopping in his pitiful travesty of planing to do so. I gave him some little gadget I had brought him from England. He thanked me, apathetically, and went on planing.

It was tragic. A man was dying, and all I could do was to stand by and watch. If only I knew the cause of it.

A surge of anger moved my hand to Abdullah's arm, staying it in mid-stroke. I said: "O Abdullah! By Allah, I will not move from here until you say what is wrong with you!"

He was still, his face closed.

On a sudden inspiration, I tried again. I said: "There is someone behind all this. Tell me who it is."

Perhaps he was too weak to hold out any longer, or perhaps he saw I was taking it much to heart. Anyway, his glance flickered upwards and he said, grudgingly: "Ahmed el Toum."

"Who is Ahmed el Toum?"

"He is a merchant. He lives at Wadi Karnoor."

"And your trouble is from him?"

"Yes. It is about my shop. It is a little shop for the things the villagers need—soap, cloth, paraffin, fish-hooks——"

"And Ahmed el Toum—what has he to do with it?" I had to drag the answers out of him.

"He wants the shop for himself."

"And you won't let him have it?"

Abdullah was silent for a moment. Then he said: "Rather I would die than give it up."

"The shop is more to you than the money it would bring?"

"Yes," Abdullah said. "My wife's two brothers keep it now. They are old men. And it was to be for me when I was too old to work here any longer, then for my son, Awatalla."

"But, Abdullah, this man Ahmed el Toum cannot force you to give it up to him?"

"No, he knows that nothing will force me to *give* it up to him. But when I am dead it will be shared among my family under our law, and one by one he will make them sell their share."

I said: "But is not this the very reason why

"What is this talk of dying?" I asked Hag

Abdullah. He turned his wrists in a slight, hopeless gesture. "Ahmed el Toum is rich, powerful; too strong," he said. "He went to a *fikki* . . ."

you must live for many years? So what talk is this of dying, as though it will be soon?"

Abdullah turned his wrist on the bench in a slight, hopeless gesture. He said: "Ahmed el Toum is rich, powerful; too strong. He went to a *fikki*. . . ."

A *fikki*! Now we were getting somewhere.

"Why did he go to a *fikki?*" I asked.

"To buy my death. Kraaki—the *fikki*—consented. He wrote my name on a paper, and put a spell on it, and sewed it in the sole of Ahmed el Toum's left shoe."

It was useless to deride the power of Kraaki—the proof of it was before me. I asked Abdullah how he knew all this, but remembered even as I did so that it is the most elementary part of the *fikki's* technique to see to it that his victim knows his fate. The utter conviction that the fate is inescapable does the rest.

Abdullah lifted his shoulders. "All is known in the *suk*. I do not go there any more, for the way they look at me to see the power of Kraaki's spell."

"And what was the spell?"

"That every step of Ahmed's foot is a step nearer to my grave!"

I couldn't get Abdullah out of my mind after that. I thought of lots of things, but nothing that could be done without upsetting him—and with no real hope of improving matters. I talked to men old in experience, men who had seen this sort of thing before. The only hope, they said, was in shaking the victim's belief in the *fikki*, but I saw little hope of that.

It happened that just at that time we had been extending our boiler capacity in the power station, which meant an additional pump in Abdullah's workshop. The day came when it was first in action, and that night I dropped in to see how it was doing.

The place was shadowy, deserted. The rods of the patient pumps glinted in the dim light as they moved in their relentless, deliberate way. But with two of them the thuds came at double the pace that they had done before.

All was in order, but as I turned to leave the workshop I halted, listening. It occurred to me that the thuds of the pumps were like footsteps, hurrying footsteps. . . .

The footsteps of Ahmed el Toum? Could it be that the slow, deliberate plod of one pump at the back of Abdullah's mind had worn down his resistance? And if so, what would be the effect of two pumps—of footsteps sounding twice as fast as before?

By next morning I was convinced that Abdullah must be persuaded to go on leave. We had, of course, tried this before, but he had simply said he didn't want to go.

I found him much as before, still struggling with some obdurate piece of wood.

"O Hag Abdullah," I began, "I have thought well upon your words of yesterday, and I have

a plan. It is that you should go away from here for a while. You have always said you wanted no leave, but now I have a special reason for wanting you to take it."

Abdullah stopped work for a moment. He said listlessly: "When you are waiting, is it not better to have something to do?"

"This is sad talk, O Abdullah," I said. I paused, and then went on: "Listen, and I will tell you my reason. See the pumps there? Well, one pump was like a footstep. Now there are two pumps; two feet, hurrying. Do you not see why I want you to go?"

It would have been simpler to have been more direct, but I shrank from it. He said nothing at first, but after a moment his movements slowed down, and then he stopped. He gave me a long, shocked look, as though for a second he had been prodded into life. And then he went on planing.

I went away wondering what would happen. I didn't really expect that Abdullah would do anything; and so I was surprised as well as pleased when he came to see me early next morning.

"Out of the goodness of your heart, will you lend me eight pounds and take it from my pay?" he said.

"What for, O Abdullah?" I asked.

"What you said. The train is today."

I fixed him up, of course, wondering, as I wished him good luck, whether I should ever see him again. Some revival of purpose seemed to have enlivened him, but I remembered the words of those who warned me to be careful. "You never know in these matters what the slightest, the very slightest interference will lead to," they said.

As Abdullah shuffled out of the room I couldn't help feeling a niggling uneasiness. But I hoped, deeply, that he would survive. He did. . . .

He was with us again within the month, and was already half-way back to the Abdullah I first knew.

The only trouble was that he seemed to have lost all interest in carpentry, and the work piled up. On the other hand, if there were materials to be toted or messages to be run, Abdullah was your man. Wherever there was action, he was sure to be at the hub of it, trotting tirelessly around the place all the while.

I suppose that, seeing him so well set towards recovery, I dismissed the cause of his illness from my mind. Anyway, no inkling of the significance of Abdullah's running round like a disturbed ant ever dawned on me. It never crossed my mind for a single moment that it had anything to do with our talk about the pumps.

Then, one hot and sticky morning when, with the help of sweating fitters, I was checking the alignment of one of the engine crankshafts in the main engine-room, who should come up, waving a telegram, but Abdullah.

"From the brothers of my wife at Wadi Karnoor," he explained. He was beaming with delight and he seized my hand and shook it. The fitters gathered round, interested.

"*Mabruk intah!*" Abdullah was trumpeting. "*Rah Kalas!*"

The fitters' white teeth showed. Clearly they knew at once what it was all about.

"For goodness sake, Abdullah," I said. "Who's gone; who is finished?"

"I was surprised too," chuckled Abdullah. "So soon! He had grown fat and very lazy, you see, and would not walk far."

"But who? Who is fat, lazy—gone, finished?"

"Who? Ahmed el Toum, of course."

A glimmer of light penetrated. I said: "Oh, yes, your enemy! But why do you say *mabruk intah*? Why congratulate *me* about it?"

Abdullah looked blank. "*Wallahi*, why not! Was it not all your idea? Two pumps; twice the footsteps; hurrying you said. So I went straight to a better *fikki* than Kraaki, and got Ahmed el Toum's name sewn in both my shoes. Just like you said."

He flourished the telegram again happily, adding: "I went my fastest, and kept it up. And, *El Humdu lillah*, I won!" THE END

Something fishy

Continued from page 28

could ever have labelled this girl as "rather pretty."

"But how did you know who I was?"

"I recognized your voice."

"After half a dozen words on the telephone? How extraordinary!"

"Not at all. It is a lovely, unique voice, in a class of its own and once heard never forgotten, limpid as a babbling brook and with all the music of the spheres in it. When you asked for the head waiter, it sounded like silver bells tinkling across the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn. Not my own—Keats."

Jane had become conscious of a certain uneasiness. Usually an adept at keeping ardent youth at a safe distance, she had begun to wonder if her technique would be sound enough to serve her here.

And what was making her uneasy was that from the very first she had felt strangely drawn to this man who had come crashing into her life and who had now for some moments been gazing at her with the uninhibited enthusiasm of a small boy confronted with a saucer of ice cream.

She liked his hair. She liked his eyes, which were as friendly and honest as any eyes she had ever looked into. She liked everything about him—and far more warmly, her conscience told her, than a girl who was engaged to Stanhope Twine ought to be doing.

A girl engaged to Stanhope Twine, Jane's conscience pointed out, should experience this odd sensation of breathlessness only when it was Stanhope Twine who had induced it. That a ginger-haired young man, whom she had never seen till five minutes ago, should be causing her to feel as if she were floating on a pink cloud and listening to soft music was, her conscience suggested in that unpleasant way which consciences have, all wrong.

With a feeling that the emotional content of the conversation should without delay be reduced, she turned it to a safer subject. "That head waiter seems a long time coming," she said.

"Wasn't your lunch all right?"

"It was fine, but a technical difficulty has arisen. I can't pay for it. I'm supposed to be lunching with my uncle. The arrangement was that he would look in at his club and meet me here at one. I know just what has happened. He has got talking with the boys, as he calls them, and forgotten all about me."

"Absent-minded?"

"He gets absorbed in things. He's probably deep in a discussion of the apostolic claims of the Church of Ethiopia or something."

"And here you are, penniless?"

"Well, certainly two pounds fiveless."

"You think that is what the bruise will amount to?"

"Yes. I rather let myself go."

"Quite rightly! One's only young once, I often say. Well, I can manage that."

"You? But you can't pay for my lunch."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"Not I, for one. I'm limp with gratitude. You've saved my life."

The magnificent form of the head waiter materialized at their side. Bill gave him a lordly look. "*L'addition*," he said haughtily.

"Yes, sir," said the head waiter.

Jane drew a reverent breath. "Just like that! And in French withal."

"One drops into it, I find. Unconsciously."

"Do you speak it fluently?"

"Very, what I know of it. Which is just that word '*L'addition*.' And, of course, '*Oo la la!*' "

"Where did you study?"

"In Paris, when I was learning to paint."

"Oh, you're an artist?"

"No longer. My soul now belongs to the Gish Galleries."

"What a shame! But why did you stop being an artist?"

"I had to eat. And thanks to Pop Gish this can be arranged. On a modest scale, of course, nothing elaborate. I was rather up against it when I met him. I was in London a good deal during the war as a G.I. and got very fond of it, and after I had gone home and saved a bit I came back on a sort of sentimental pilgrimage."

"And your money gave out?"

"Yes, considerably sooner than I had expected. And then I ran into Gish, who was an old friend of my father, and he offered me sanctuary in his thieves' kitchen."

"But you'd rather be painting?"

"If I had money. I'd do nothing else. But there it is. I haven't money. At least, only enough," said Bill as the waiter appeared with the check, "for *l'addition*. There. *Oo la la!* The shadow has passed."

"And a great weight has rolled from my mind. I don't know how to thank you. What do you think would have happened if you hadn't come riding up on your white horse? What would they have done to me?"

"It's difficult to say. I don't know how they handle these things in a place like Barribault's. My only experience of a similar nature has been with a rather more rugged establishment, many years ago when I was a slip of a boy. I boyishly slipped the bad news to the management after a hearty meal of hot dogs and ice cream that I was unable to meet my financial obligations, and a fellow in shirt-sleeves, of about the build of Rocky Marciano, grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and kicked me fourteen times. I counted. I was then set to washing dishes."

"How awful!"

"But educative. Tried in the furnace, I came out of that kitchen a graver, deeper boy."

"Where was this?"

"At a joint called *Archie's Diner, Good Eats*, over in America, not far from a place called Meadowhampton."

"I know Meadowhampton!"

"You do? When were you there?"

"Ages ago. When I was a slip of a girl. I was sent there at the beginning of the war. And the odd thing is that now Meadowhampton has pursued me to England."

"Would you call it pursuing?"

"Oh, I don't mean you. Someone from there has taken Shipley."

"Roscoe Bunyan."

"That's right. So you know him? What a pity! I wanted to say all sorts of unpleasant things about him. But if he's a friend of yours. . . ."

"I wouldn't say exactly a friend. We belong to the same club and exchange a word or two occasionally, but we are not social equals. He's rich. I'm just one of the dregs. He isn't such a bad fellow, though. I rather like him."

"Then you must like everybody."

Bill thought this over. It was a novel idea, but there was truth in it. He said: "I suppose I do."

"But you can't really like Roscoe Bunyan."

"I don't dislike him. I did as a boy, I remember."

"I'm not surprised. He was a loathsome boy."

"He was, wasn't he? I nearly beat him up once."

"How wonderful! Why was that?"

"We differed on a point of policy. There was a wretched little rat of a girl spending the summer at Meadowhampton, and Roscoe thought the done thing was to hold her under water in the swimming pool till her eyes popped. I took a conflicting view. . . ."

Barribault's restaurant is solidly built, but to Jane it seemed that it had suddenly begun to float about her.

"It can't be!" she cried. "I don't believe it. It isn't really *you*? My Bill!"

"Eh?"

"Don't tell me you're Bill Hollister!"

"Yes, but. . . ."

"I'm the rat," said Jane. "The wretched little rat who was for ever blowing bubbles . . . when Roscoe Bunyan held her under water."

Bill stared across the table. He shook his head. "No," he said slowly. "It doesn't make sense. You must be thinking of somebody else. The child to whom you allude . . . what was her name?"

"Jane."

"That's right. The child Jane had a face that would have stopped a clock."

"I stopped dozens in my prime. I didn't know my own strength."

"Her mouth looked like the back of a telephone switchboard."

"I wore braces on my teeth, to straighten them."

"She was spectacled to the gills."

"Until my twelfth year glasses were prescribed to correct a slight strabismus."

"And why do I remember nothing of that divine voice?"

"I don't suppose it was divine then. Probably squeaky."

"But, good heavens, it's incredible! I mean, look at you now. You're . . . you're. . . ."

"Yes?"

"You're beautiful . . . lovely . . . wonderful . . . marvellous . . . a radiant vision. The child Jane could have made good money scaring crows, and you . . . why, you begin where Helen of Troy left off."

"All done with mirrors."

"And fancy you remembering me!"

"How could I forget you? You were my dream-boy. I adored you with a passion I cannot hope to express."

Bill drew a deep breath. "You might have mentioned it."

"I was far too modest. I did not tell my love, but let concealment like

GREATNESS—1

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a worm i' the bud feed on my damask cheek. Not my own. Shakespeare."

"So that was how you felt about me."

"Fifteen years ago."

"Practically yesterday. Well, I'd call this Fate, wouldn't you?"

"I would."

"Never any use bucking Fate. You aren't married, are you? No, of course you aren't. It was *Miss* Benedick, wasn't it. Fine! Capital! Splendid!"

"Why so pleased?"

"Because. . . . This is possibly going to seem a little sudden, so keep the idea of Fate steadily before you . . . Jane," said Bill, leaning forward and placing a hand on hers.

"Hallo, hallo!" Something pear-shaped with heavy eyebrows and a guilty look had loomed up beside the table. "Bit late, ain't I? Got talking to a chap at the club."

"Uncle George. . . ."

"About this new rabbit disease, this myx - whatever - its - dashed - name - is," proceeded Lord Uffenham. "Absorbing subject. Did yer know that foxes, there being a shortage of rabbits, have taken to eating frogs? This club chap assures me it's a fact. They pursue them in packs all over the countryside."

"Uncle George," said Jane, and her voice was cold. "Are you aware, you wretched old uncle, that if it had not been for Bill Hollister here, the management of Barribault's Hotel would have grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, kicked me fourteen times and set me to washing dishes?"

"Lord love a duck. What would they do that for?"

"It's an old Barribault custom when girls eat large lunches and can't pay for them. You owe him two pounds ten. Fork out."

LORD UFFENHAM forked out. "Thank 'yer, my boy. Very civil of yer. Old friend of my niece's?"

"We knew each other as tots."

"And now we've met again."

"Having previously talked on the telephone," said Bill. "I'm at the Gish Galleries, Lord Uffenham. I'm going down to Shipley this afternoon to look at your pictures."

"You are? I'll come with yer."

"Splendid. You, too?"

"No, sorry," said Jane. "I promised an old school friend I would have tea with her, and I can't put her off."

"Why not?"

"She's a very old school friend. Almost decrepit."

"And we don't want any bally girls around," said Lord Uffenham gallantly. "Give me twenty minutes for a spot of lunch, my boy."

"I'll go and get the car."

"Do. Yer'll find me here. Yer can't miss me. Yerss," said Uffenham, "it's a fact. Foxes, no longer able to get the daily rabbit, now eat frogs. Like a lot of ruddy Frenchmen," he added, driving home his point. . . .

Mortimer Bayliss was examining the picture in the gallery of Shipley Hall when Skidmore showed Bill and Lord Uffenham into it, and he eyed them frostily.

"Oh, hallo, Mr. Bayliss," said Bill. "You probably won't remember me. Bill Hollister."

He was thinking, as he spoke, how incredibly ancient the other looked. But it was evident that, despite his advanced years, there still lingered in the curator of the Bunyan collection the fire which in the old days had caused him so seldom to be invited twice to the same house.

"Bill Hollister? Yes, I remember you. A loathsome little blob, if ever there was one. You used to breathe down the back of my neck when I came to play chess with your father. An ugly, ginger-headed brute of a boy with a revolting grin and, as far as I was able to ascertain, no redeeming qualities of any sort. And who," asked Mr. Bayliss, indicating Lord Uffenham, whom the poignant emotions caused by revisiting his old home had thrown into a trance, "is your stuffed friend?"

"That's Lord Uffenham. We've come to look at his pictures."

Mortimer Bayliss chuckled. It sounded like a leaky radiator. "So you are the owner of these frightful daubs, are you?" he said genially. "You realize, of course, that they're all fakes?"

Lord Uffenham emerged from his coma with a sharp "Hey! What was that you said? Fakes?"

"Every one of them. I can tell you the artists' names, if you wish. This," said Mr. Bayliss, indicating a Gainsborough, "is undoubtedly a Wilfred Robinson. That Constable is a Sidney Biffen. His middle period. About this Dutch thing I'm not so certain. It might be Paul Muller or it might be Jan Dircks."

Lord Uffenham had the appearance of a man who had been struck by an unexpected thunderbolt. "You mean the bally things aren't worth *anything*?"

"Oh, they'd fetch a few pounds, I suppose, but if they were mine, I'd throw them away. . . . Well, glad to have been of help," said Mortimer Bayliss, and went off to take his afternoon nap.

Bill, too, was feeling as if something hard and heavy had hit him. He had come to be very fond of Lord Uffenham, and his heart bled for him. It also bled for his employer. Mr. Gish, no doubt, was hoping for big things in the way of commission on the sale of these pictures, and it would now be his, Bill's, distasteful task to speak to him of Wilfred Robinson, of Sidney Biffen, of Paul Muller and Jan Dircks.

Feeling that this could be done more agreeably from afar than face-to-face, he stole out, and Skidmore, meeting him on the stairs, directed him to the telephone. . . .

Lord Uffenham was a resilient man. When thunderbolts hit him, he tottered, but it was never long before he found himself perking up and becoming aware of silver linings in the cloud wrack. He had done so now.

It would, of course, have been pleasant, he was thinking, to have made a packet out of the ancestral pictures, but you had to look at these things from every angle. If, he reasoned, he had become a man of substance with money to give away in large handfuls; it would scarcely have been possible for him to deny a loved niece her cut, and then what?

Why, first thing you knew, some clergyman would have been saying to her "Wilt thou, Jane, take this Stanhope?" and she would have been saying, "Well, Lord love a duck, what d'yer think I bought this wedding dress for?" and there she would have been, in the soup, tied for life to the frightful young blister.

It was consequently to a restored and chirpy Lord Uffenham that Bill reentered a quarter of an hour later. But as the other's rugged face never betrayed emotion of any sort, his opening words were words of commiseration, the verbal equivalent of the silent handclasp.

"I'm awfully sorry about the pictures," he said.

"Oh, that? Don't give it a thought," said Lord Uffenham buoyantly. "One can see how it happened, of course. What yer've got to bear in mind is that I'm not the first viscount by a long chalk. I'm the sixth. That means that there were five viscounts before me, all needing the stuff, and there were the bally things standing there waiting to be cashed in on, so they cashed in on them, and very sensible, too."

BILL was relieved. "Well, I'm glad you take such a philosophical view," he said.

"Easy come, easy go is the way I look at the thing. But Jane isn't going to like it, I'm afraid. She was counting on those pictures to restore the family fortunes. I'd better phone her."

"I'll come with you. I want to talk to Jane."

"To express sympathy?"

"No, to ask her to marry me."

Lord Uffenham started. This opened up a new line of thought. Often he had dreamed wistfully of a Prince Charming who would some day pop up out of a trap and, if encouraged to play his cards right, take Jane's mind off Stanhope Twine before it was too late. And here, standing beside him, was the very man.

"What an admirable idea!"

"I was on the point of doing so at Barribault's, when you came along and interrupted us."

"You love the wench?"

"I do."

"Quick work."

"That's the way we Hollisters are. We see, we love, we act. *Voilà!*"

"How d'yer mean, *voilà*?"

"A French expression, signifying 'There you have it in a nutshell.' I must remember to tell Jane that. She thinks all the French I know is *'L'addition'* and *'Oo la la!'*"

STANDING beside the telephone while his companion rumbled on into it, Bill listened with growing impatience. Every minute that kept him from pouring out his soul to Jane was like an hour.

"So there yer are," said Lord Uffenham, summing up. "There yer have it in a nutshell. *Voilà!* . . . Hey? I said *voila*. A French expression."

Bill could endure it no longer. "Here, give me that telephone."

"Oh, yerss, I was forgetting. Here's someone wants to talk to yer, Jane."

Bill took the instrument, and Lord Uffenham whispered a word of warning. "Pick yer words carefully. Don't rush her."

"I won't. Jane? Bill speaking. Look, Jane, this is important. Will you marry me?"

"That's what I meant by rushing her," said Lord Uffenham disapprovingly. He was thinking how much better the Great Bustard would have handled such a situation. The Great Bustard, as he had recently learned from his *Wonders of the Bird World*, when entertaining for a female bustard feelings deeper and warmer than those of ordinary friendship, does not shout proposals of marriage over the telephone. It ruffles its back feathers, inflates its chest and buries its neck in it, thus showing tact and leading up to the thing gracefully.

He was about to pass these nature notes on to Bill, when the latter spoke. He had replaced the receiver, and was standing with a stunned look on his face. He said: "She says she's engaged to someone called Spine."

"Twine. Stanhope Twine. That's right, she is. It's a great relief to me."

"Who is he?"

"Sculptor. Lives next door. A young slab of damnation who wears blue suede shoes and yellow corduroy trousers."

"She can't love a fellow like that."

"Just what I tell her. But there it is. *Voilà!*"

A determined look came into Bill's face.

"This will have to be adjusted. We can't have that sort of thing going on. I'll go and thresh it out with her."

"She won't be there. She was just going off to her school friend, and you know how it is when girls get together. She may not be home till midnight. Come and have a spot of dinner tomorrow. Seven o'clock. Don't dress."

Bill looked at Lord Uffenham with gratitude and approval. The old gentleman might be an odd shape, but he got some good ideas.

"I will. Thank you very much."

"Yerss, that's how matters stand, my boy. She's gone and got herself engaged to this herring-gutted young son of a sea cook, and the voice of reason is powerless to drive any sense into her fat head.

"Lord love a duck," added Lord Uffenham, "when I think of Jane wanting to marry Stanhope Twine and remember that her sister Anne came within an ace of marrying an interior decorator, I ask myself if there may not be a touch of eccentricity in the family. . . ."

In the manner of Roscoe Bunyan toward Mortimer Bayliss there had been, since the visit of Keggs to Shipley Hall, more than a suggestion of coldness

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and hauteur. He had not at all liked the other's description of him as a mean-souled young warthog, and had spoken to him, if at all, stiffly. But the news contained in the letter beside his plate on the breakfast table was so stimulating that he allowed his frostiness to melt.

"I've heard from Pilbeam," he said.

Mortimer Bayliss looked up from his eggs and bacon. "You have? Splendid! Who is Pilbeam?"

"I told you about him. The man I hired to get back those letters of mine from Elaine."

"Ah, yes. The private eye. And has he done it?"

"He says he has brought the matter with which I entrusted him to a satisfactory conclusion, and would be glad if I would call at his office at my convenience."

"Prose stylist, eh? And now, I suppose, you will notify the unfortunate girl that it's all off."

"Yes."

"Love's young dream! We old bachelors will never understand it. You Romeos seem able to turn your affections on and off like a faucet. It's only a week or so ago that you were raving about this girl. You told me she was wonderful."

"She is. She's a knock-out."

"Then why don't you marry her?"

"And lose that million?"

"You don't need another million."

"Talk sense," said Roscoe, and went off to telephone Percy Pilbeam.

In engaging the services of a private investigator, the prudent man sets more value on astuteness than on physical beauty, and in the case of the managing director of the Argus Inquiry Agency this was fortunate, for though it is possible that there were more repellent human bloodhounds in London than Percy Pilbeam, they would have taken a considerable amount of finding.

He was a thin, pimpled young man with small eyes set too close together, and he marcelled his hair in a fashion distressing to right-minded people. He wore a suit that looked like a

GREATNESS—2

The more one approaches great men the more one finds that they are men.

La Bruyère

Neapolitan ice, but though the overall picture he presented was calculated to make the judicious grieve, to Roscoe, so profound was his relief that the fatal papers had been recovered, he looked quite attractive.

"So you got them?" he said sunnily. "How did you manage it?"

Percy Pilbeam ran a pen airily through his marcelled hair.

"Easy! She has to be at the theatre every night. I waited till she had gone, got in, hunted around, found the letters and got out again. It was simple. Well, when I say simple," said Pilbeam, belatedly thinking of the bill he would be sending in, "it wasn't, of course, by any means. There was great nervous strain."

"Oh, you wouldn't mind that," said Roscoe, also thinking of the bill.

"Nevertheless . . . I beg your pardon?"

"Eh?"

"You said something."

This was inaccurate. Roscoe had not spoken, he had given a sudden gargle, a sort of strangled sound not unlike that made by a cat which has swallowed a fishbone the wrong way; and the reason he had gargled was that, to quote the poet Keats, a thought had come like a full-blown rose, flushing his brow.

Even the most stolid have their dreams, and ever since he had set his name to the Keggs' contract visions had been rising before Roscoe's eyes of somehow obtaining possession of that contract and tearing it up, thus drawing the subtle butler's fangs and rendering him powerless as a force for evil.

"Look," he said. "I want you to take on another job for me."

"What kind?"

"The same kind."

"You mean you've written some more letters?" said Pilbeam, surprised.

"No, no, it isn't letters this time. It's . . . well, it's a paper I want to get back from someone. I signed a sort of agreement and I want to get out of it, and the only way to get out of it is to pinch the thing. It would be perfectly easy," said Roscoe persuasively. "All you would have to do is call on the man——"

"On what pretext?"

"I've thought of that. This fellow Keggs——"

"Is that his name?"

"Yes. He used to work for my father. This fellow Keggs lives in Valley Fields and owns some house property there.

"You go to him—Castlewood, Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields, is the address—and you say you come from me and you're looking for a house down there and has he anything that would suit you? Then, when he brings out the drinks—he'll be bound to bring out the drinks—you slip a kayo drop into his and there you are."

PILBEAM was shaking his head. The scheme as outlined did not offend his moral sense, for he had not got one, but it struck him as unpleasantly hazardous. At a never-to-be-forgotten point in his search of Miss Dawn's flat the doorbell had suddenly rung, and he had distinctly felt his heart leap from its moorings and crash into his front teeth. He shrank from a repetition of that experience.

"Sorry . . ." he was beginning, when Roscoe went on speaking.

"I'd be prepared to pay something special."

Pilbeam's head ceased to shake. He wavered. Just as Roscoe liked making another million, so did Pilbeam enjoy being paid something special.

"What is this agreement you speak of?" he asked, interested but refraining from committing himself.

"Oh, just an agreement," said Roscoe. His native prudence forbade him to tell all. The private investigator who learns that he is saving a client a hundred thousand dollars is a private investigator who puts his prices up.

"What does it look like?"

"It's just a paper. I imagine it would be in a sealed envelope, probably marked 'Agreement' or 'Contract' or 'In re R. Bunyan, Esquire' or something like that."

"And where would it be?"

"Bound to be in his room somewhere."

"It would mean a long search."

"Not for a man like you," said Roscoe ingratiatingly.

"If I were caught, I'd be sent to prison."

"Rather pleasant places, prisons, these days, they tell me."

"I'll do it for a thousand pounds, cash down," Pilbeam said.

A sharp spasm ran through Roscoe. He had no choice but to agree, but he was mentally totting up the sprats he had been compelled to distribute in order to catch the whale.

"You wouldn't feel like doing the job for a hundred?" he asked wistfully.

Pilbeam said he would not.

"A thousand pounds is a lot of money."

"Quite!" said Pilbeam. . . .

On the rare occasions when Lord Uffenham entertained guests to dinner it was Harold Keggs's kindly practice to come out of his retirement for the evening and lend a helping hand, buttling as devotedly as in the old Shipley Hall days. He was consequently the first thing on which Bill's eye rested when the front door of Castlewood opened on the following night, and the spectacle rocked him back on his heels. The last thing he had expected to find in this remote suburb was a vintage butler of obviously a very good year.

Recovering, he gave his name, and

was surprised to find that he was being eyed with respectful interest. "Excuse me, sir," Keggs said. "Might I inquire, if it is not a liberty, if you are the son of a Mr. Joseph Hollister, formerly of New York City?"

"Yes, that's right. My father's name was Joseph. You knew him?"

"I was for several years in the service of the late Mr. J. J. Bunyan, and Mr. Hollister senior was a frequent guest at our table. The resemblance struck me immediately. If you will step this way, sir. His lordship is in his study."

The study was a large, airy room, comfortably furnished in country house style, for Lord Uffenham, on being driven from his Garden of Eden, had been at pains to remove all the chairs, rugs, pictures, books and personal belongings he liked best. On the walls hung photographs of him at every stage of his development . . . the schoolboy, the undergraduate, the guardsman, the boulevardier and the warrior.

It would have interested Bill to examine these, to see if the sixth viscount had always been that peculiar shape. But he was given no opportunity of doing so, for his host thrust him into a chair, handed him a cocktail and immediately began to speak.

"Holloway. . . ."

Bill said the name was Hollister, and Lord Uffenham said oh, was it, adding that the point was immaterial, for now that they were such close friends, he proposed to address him as Fred.

"It's about Jane, Fred. I'm sorry yer've made Jane ratty with yer. Ever since you asked her to marry yer yesterday she's been going about in a sort of dream, looking like a dying duck. Doesn't answer when yer speak to her. She's in shock."

"Oh, no, really!" Bill protested.

"In shock," repeated Lord Uffenham firmly. "And why wouldn't she be, hearing a chap who was practically a ruddy stranger bellowing over the telephone 'I love yer, let's get married'? You shook the wench to her foundations, my boy, and if yer want to pry her away from the hellhound Twine, yer'll have to spit on yer hands and pull yer socks up. Luckily for you, I've seen the way, and I think we can get cracking. You ever read poetry, Fred?"

"Quite a good deal. Why?"

"I was thinking that once in a while these poets stumble on something that makes sense. Remember the feller who said that women were gosh-awful pains in the neck when things were going right with men, but turned into bally angels when they had hangovers?"

"'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease. . . .'"

"That's the one. My old guv'nor used to recite it whenever he got a bit bottled. Well, there's a lot in it. Take Jane. At the moment ratty; but if pain and anguish were to wring yer brow, she'd be all over yer. It was the same with her sister Anne. A fine young chap called Jeff Miller was dotty about her, but the cloth-headed girl would have none of him, being under the extraordinary illusion that what she wanted was a putty-souled interior decorator named Lionel Green. When Jeff wooed her, she got as mad as a wet hen. Wouldn't speak to him and developed a habit, when they found themselves together, of whizzing from his presence as if shot out of a gun. This made things difficult for Jeff."

"It must have done."

"Yerss, things had become complex. And then one evening, by the greatest good luck a sweet little woman called Mrs. Molloy, who was staying at Shipley at the time, hauled off and walloped him over the head with my tobacco jar."

"She did?"

"Bang on the occipital bone. It's a long story. She and her husband were crooks, and Jeff caught them trying to loot the house. He started hammering the stuffing out of Molloy, so Mrs. Molloy very naturally crowned him with the tobacco jar. And that, of course, made everything all right."

Bill blinked. He had that dizzy feeling of not being equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

"All right? Why?"

"Because it opened Anne's eyes. She looked into her heart and read its message. Seeing Jeff lying there insensible and giving every evidence of having handed in his dinner pail, she knew that he was the one she loved, and she flung herself on his prostrate form and started to kiss him like billy-o, at the same time saying 'Oh, Jeff, darling!' or words to that effect. Never gave Lionel Green another thought. Interesting story. Throws a light on feminine psychology."

"It must have been a solid tobacco jar."

"It was. I bought it when I went up to Cambridge. I'll show it to yer."

LORD UFFENHAM lumbered across the room and returned with the blunt instrument. "Good value there," he said, regarding it affectionately. "Forty-odd years I've had it, and still unbroken. Jeff's head didn't even make a dent in it.

"Bless my soul, I can see the scene now. There was Jeff squaring away at Molloy, and Mrs. Molloy—Dolly, her name was, and, as I say, a sweet little woman, though of course with some defect—upped with the jar and let him have it. Like this," said Lord Uffenham, and lumbered to the door. "Jane," he called. "Jay-un."

"Yes?"

"Cummere. Young Holloway's had an accident. I was showing him that

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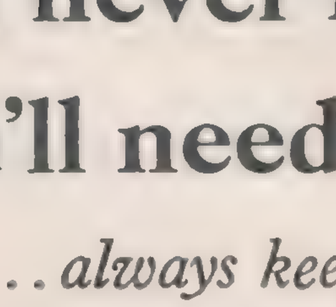

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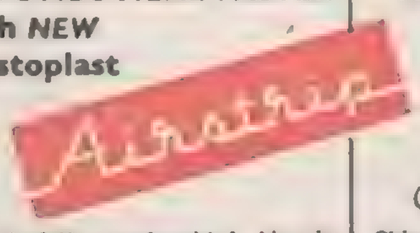

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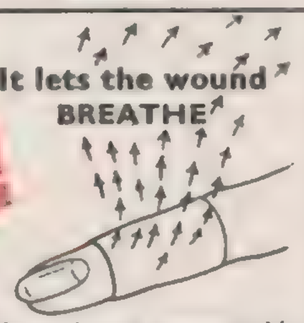

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tobacco jar of mine, and my hand slipped. . . ."

It was some little time later that Bill, waking from a disordered nightmare, became aware that someone shrouded in flickering mist was offering him a glass of brandy.

"Take a sip of this, my boy," said Lord Uffenham, for it was he.

Bill took a sip, and found his head clearing. He asked coldly: "Did you hit me with that tobacco jar?"

"Yerss, that's right. Bring the young folks together, that's what I say.

"I take it you weren't noticing much at the time, so I'll tell yer what happened. In comes Jane, sees yer prostrate form, flings herself on it and kisses yer like nobody's business, crying, 'Oh, Bill, darling! Speak to me, Bill darling! Lord love a duck, are yer dead, Bill, darling?' and so on and so forth. The usual routine. But I hear her coming back. I'll be moving."

Jane entered, bearing a basin. "Oh, Bill!" she said.

"Oh, Jane!" said Bill.

"This," said Jane some moments later, "can't be doing your head any good."

"It's doing *me* good. I feel fine. I'm glad, though, that it didn't happen when my Lord Uffenham was younger and stronger."

"Don't mention that man's name. He ought to be in Colney Hatch."

"Nonsense. I won't hear a word against the sixth viscount. He moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform, but he gets results. He brought the young folks together." Bill touched his head tenderly. "And that brings me to a rather important item on the agenda paper. What do we do about Twine?"

"He has released me, as it's called. I thought his manner seemed a little strange this morning, when I was telling him that there would be no money coming in from his pictures, and this evening, just before you arrived, I had a note from him. He said it was wrong to hold me to my promise when there was so little chance of his ever having enough money to marry on, so. . . ."

"What did you ever see in the man?"

"I suppose I was dazzled by the yellow trousers."

"I'll buy some tomorrow," Bill paused, listening. "You don't keep an elephant here, do you?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I thought I heard one coming up the stairs."

It was not an elephant, it was the sixth Viscount Uffenham. "Hey," he said. "What's going on in that ruddy kitchen? Smoke's billowing out of it in clouds and it smells to heaven."

JANE uttered a stricken cry. "Oh, death and despair, the dinner! It must be burning to a cinder."

"Women!" said Lord Uffenham indulgently, as she darted away.

"Well, how did things work out?"

"Fine, Uncle George. You are losing a niece, but gaining a nephew."

"Excellent! Couldn't be better."

"And here's something that will make your eyes sparkle. I had a letter this morning from Roscoe Bunyan."

"Piefaced feller, that Bunyan."

"But with a heart of gold. He's given me the most stupendous job. He said Mortimer Bayliss is getting senile and past his work, and he wants me to sign on as his assistant. The salary he named took my breath away. I'm rich!"

Keggs floated in, looking grave. "Miss Benedick desired me to step up and inform your lordship that she regrets that it will be impossible for her to provide dinner tonight," he said in a hushed voice.

Lord Uffenham waved dinner away. "Gone west, has it? Well, who cares? Keggs, I want yer to fill a glass and drink the health of the young couple. Young Fred Holloway and my niece Jane. They're getting spliced."

"Indeed, m'lord? I am sure I wish you every happiness, sir." And Keggs filled his glass and drank the toast.

To be concluded next week

Son of Calypso

Continued from page 17

almost with loathing. "I practically need hiking boots to clamber about this floor, armies of spiders live in the beams, and as for the range itself——"

Words failed her, and Ted thought of the bright model kitchen in her parents' home in Surrey, with its metal sinks and cabinets, its heat-resisting table-tops, its heat-conserving cooker, its electrical gadgets and shining pans.

"How much would it cost to do this kitchen up in the way you want it?"

"Oh, heavens, I don't know." Veronica surveyed it hopelessly. "At least five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred! That's more than I make in a year. . . ." Ted checked himself and smiled at Veronica. She was right, he supposed. She'd given up everything for him—the life she'd relished, her friends, her parties, her popularity, and buried herself at the back of beyond with a cupboard-full of useless party frocks. And he expected her to act as unpaid drudge, cooking and cleaning and, on top of that, washing eggs, feeding chickens, stoking fires, plucking fowls, all for a husband who seldom came in for more than twenty minutes to wolf down his food.

"I'll get this kitchen done up for you within the year," he promised. "I don't know how I'll do it, but I will."

IT was one thing to promise, he reflected later in the milking shed, but how to carry it out? He must have a new mower, or the hay wouldn't be made. He was wasting money on thatching straw until he could put up a Dutch barn. This year he had to re-seed twenty acres, and that would cost two hundred pounds. . . . Sell some cows? But they were his capital; and only Calypso was really valuable.

He milked Calypso with special care and she rewarded him with a whole bucketful of rich milk. Calypso had been his one real extravagance. He'd paid two hundred guineas for this deep, strong, heavy-yielding cow who'd been in calf to one of the best bulls in the West Country.

And his gamble had come off. She'd had a bull calf which he had reared to become the future father of the herd. It would take time—another five or six years. But when the daughters of Carouso, son of Calypso, grazed his re-seeded pastures, their shapely udders bursting with milk, the fame and fortune of the Oatridge herd would be made.

That, at least, was the dream that sustained him in the long, cold, slogging hours. A dream that would take five or six years, at best, to materialize. And Veronica didn't want a new kitchen in five or six years. She wanted it immediately—with the overdraft already past its official limit. And now she was leaving him to return to her own gay, pleasure-loving element. For a fortnight? Or would she never come back?

"We'll have to do something," he told himself, patting Carouso, who now shone like a newly peeled horse-chestnut. "I should never have entered you," he added. "But do your best, old man."

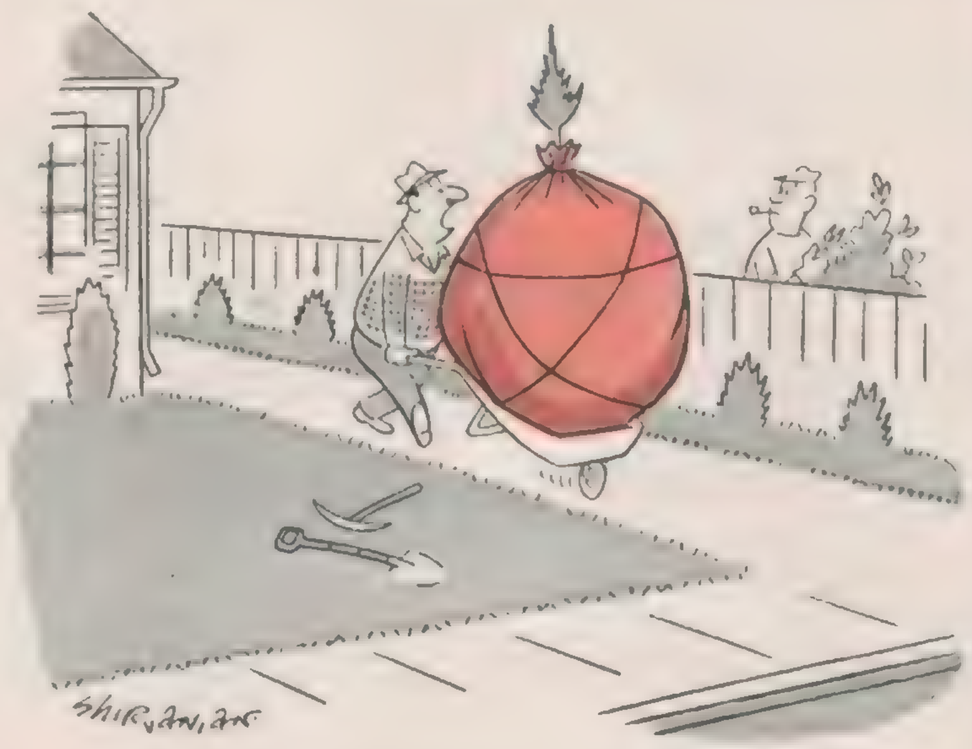
At last Ted heard his class called on the loudspeakers. Carouso came out sweetly—he was always good to lead. He was number six, and Sunspot was number three. By now, Ted was horribly nervous.

"What d'you think this is, mate—a menagerie?" Sunspot's herdsman muttered to him as they led in their charges. "Got a hyena entered, haven't you? Look at them hocks. Blimey!"

Ted could cheerfully have bashed his face in. But Walter Dickson grinned and waved as he walked by. Good old Walter, he'd never let you down.

The sun was shining and it was hot in the ring. Several of the young bulls tugged at their halters but Carouso walked calmly beside his master, lost, it seemed, in a dream of clover pastures, cool ponds and midday siestas.

The three judges in the centre lined



"It has quite an extensive root system"

up the competitors and scrutinized each in turn, feeling his elastic flesh, running their hands down his flanks, gazing at his back view. When Carouso's turn came Ted could almost see them knocking off marks for all his weak points, which now seemed to shout to high heaven. How could you hope to gloss over anything? The judges' eyes stripped every bone bare.

Now they were putting the young bulls through their paces. One of the judges — a lean-faced, leathery Australian—stood stock-still, poker-faced as a statue, while Ted led Carouso away from him at a trot. Those hindquarters, they'd let Carouso down! He trotted without fuss; surely he'd pick up a mark or two for tractability? Ted hoped that Veronica wasn't watching, wouldn't see him go down near the bottom of the line.

Now they were walking round in a circle again and the moment of decision approached. An attendant stood by with the rosettes: red for first, blue for second, yellow for third. The judges were huddled together in a final session, adding up points. There was some disagreement. They returned to the centre and gazed intently at several of the animals as they went by. Ted's heart beat faster: surely Carouso was one?

"What's bothering 'em?" Sunspot's herdsman complained, as they once more halted in front of the judges. "There's nothing can put Sunspot down the line. Paint stripes on yours, mate, and he'd do for a zebra. Get 'im in a zoo."

Ted prickled with heat and anger. He stood with downcast eyes, so that he did not see the judges' gesture. Someone called "Wake up, mate!" and he heard a sharp voice call: "Number six!"

Incredulously he saw that a judge was beckoning him forward. Even then, he couldn't believe it, and halted after a pace or two. The judge beckoned again. Numbly, he jerked Carouso's rope and walked towards the judges, the blood roaring in his ears. Close behind him came Sunspot, the herdsman's face as sour as raw cider. Then it *was* true. A burst of clapping came from the stands, like a wave breaking on a pebbly beach. His hands fumbled as he tied to Carouso's halter the coveted, the unbelievable red rosette.

Walter Dickson was waiting near the exit, his face shining with pleasure. He pummelled Ted with an enthusiasm that nearly brought up bruises.

"You've done it, lad! You've done something I've never done—and at your first shot, too. You've worked for it, Ted, and you've deserved it. I'm glad."

"I think I'm dreaming," Ted said.

"Better wake up, then," Walter advised. "You might get a tempting offer for that bull of yours. Don't be a fool, now, Ted: don't you take it, even if it could wipe out your whole overdraft."

As he rugged up Carouso and fetched him water, Ted felt that nothing would persuade him to part with his prize-winner. From the moment when he'd rubbed down the newborn calf to the moment of triumph in the ring, he had fussed over Carouso more than a mother over her child. He had fed him, groomed him, cleaned out his box, walked him through muddy gateways to strengthen his leg muscles and along metalled roads to harden his feet. He'd dosed him with linseed oil to make his coat shine and with tonics to stimulate his appetite. Carouso had filled his thoughts more than any living creature, except Veronica.

A short, dapper little man, a stranger, came over and shook Ted's hand.

"I thought I was going to get that cup," he said. "It was a toss-up between yours and Sunspot. Please accept my congratulations." This, then, must be Lord Tarlton.

"I've been asked to introduce to you one of your bull's admirers who wants to do business with you," he added. "This is Señor Cassado from the Argentine."

BEFORE he could shake hands with the dark-jowled man standing beside Lord Tarlton, a warm silk-clad figure landed on his chest. With her arms flung round his neck, Veronica cried: "Oh, Ted, I'm so excited and proud! After all your toil and trouble you've pulled it off! You looked so splendid down there in the ring leading the parade. It was such a wonderful surprise. . . ." She hugged him again.

Ted laughed to hide a mixture of delight and embarrassment. That he had pleased Veronica was the greatest triumph of all.

"We'll have a celebration tonight, Ronnie," he said, using an old pet name. "Meanwhile, this is Señor Cassado."

The South American bowed and said: "I am hoping to do some business with your husband, madame. In fact, I would like to buy his bull. If he would consider four hundred pounds a fair price?"

Ted was startled; for a beginner, and for an unknown young bull, this was generous. But he shook his head.

"I'm afraid I'm not selling."

"Five hundred, then?"

Ted caught Veronica's eye. This sudden mention of money had changed her expression; a look of surprise and, perhaps, hope had entered in. Five hundred pounds! The very sum, Ted remembered, that had been mentioned for doing-up the kitchen. For five hundred pounds Veronica could be freed from three-quarters of her drudgery.

He faltered. But then he thought of

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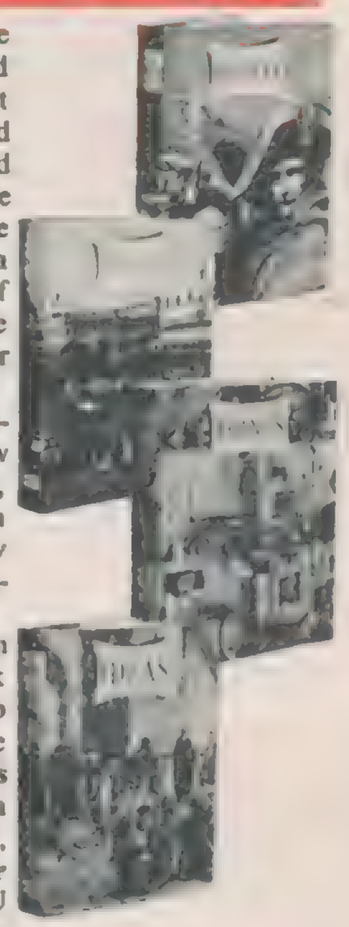

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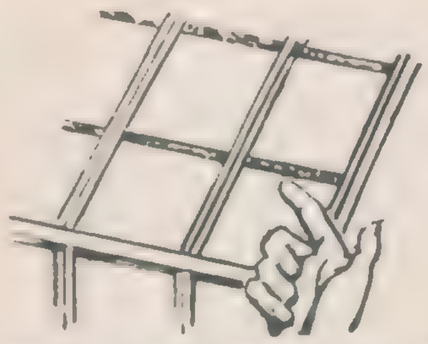

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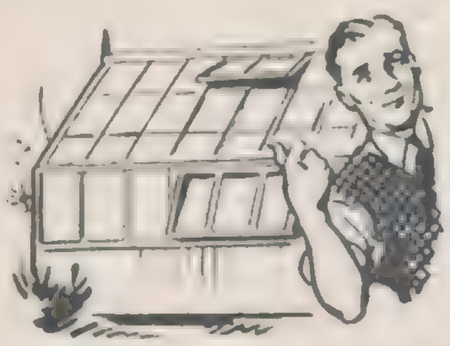

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Walter's advice and of his own ambitions. It would be short-sighted to sell now. Hang on, and in five years she could have twice as good a kitchen. And perhaps a nursery as well.

"I'm sorry, Señor Cassado," he said. "The bull isn't for sale."

"I understand," the Argentinian answered politely. "I am disappointed, naturally; your bull has caught my eye. Well, here is my card; if you should change your mind, please get in touch with me."

Ted was still watching Veronica. Subtly, her expression altered; the corners of her mouth dropped; her skin seemed to lose its glow, her eyes their sparkle. She stepped forward a half-pace, opened her mouth to speak and then closed it and dropped her eyes. Ted stood motionless. In that brief moment he had understood much.

The Argentinian was quick. He had not withdrawn his scrutiny of this obstinate young farmer and his pretty wife. Presenting his card with a flourish he said: "I shall be at this address for a week." Then he added: "You know, I like your bull better than ever, now that I see him at close quarters. I think—yes, it is so. I will pay as much as seven hundred and fifty for him."

"You mean that?" Ted asked dazedly.

"Of course."

"Then I accept your offer, Señor Cassado."

"Ted!" Veronica cried, half in joy and half in doubt.

The Argentinian smiled. "I cannot take delivery of the bull immediately," he said. "Will you keep him until I can arrange the shipment? I will pay the expenses, of course. And here is your cheque." Then and there, he wrote out the payment.

Ted pocketed it numbly. Seven-fifty for a young unproved bull! It was too good to miss—even Walter would see that. He'd be able to do up the kitchen *and* buy another bull, and perhaps a new mower into the bargain; and, above all, something for Veronica; a present—even a short holiday.

That evening, several of the neighbours braved the rough road and steep climb to Oatridge and came to drink Ted's health and the health of Carouso, of his mother Calypso, and the future of the Oatridge herd, whose name would now be in all the farming papers. Veronica sparkled like a sapphire, and the pride and joy in Ted's heart, drove out his regret at Carouso's going, and even, for the moment, his dread of Veronica's holiday with Lionel Roberts.

When the last car had rattled off down the hill Ted went out, as he did every evening of his life, to see the stock. Carouso was safely back in his pen. Ted patted him sadly. Then he noticed a note pinned to the door of one of the sheds, a note in Bert's untidy scrawl. "Calypso poorly so have put her in box."

Idiot! Ted swore at the absent boy. Why hadn't he left the note in the house? The cow should have been seen to hours ago.

He examined her by flashlight. She was lying down and breathing harshly, her coat was rough and her eyes sunken. He didn't like the look of her, but knew from experience how easy it was to panic and how quickly cows often pulled round from what looked like a desperate condition. It might be indigestion, or a chill. He gave her some medicine and decided to see how she was in the morning before calling in the vet.

All the same, he was uneasy and, waking at three o'clock, he crept out to look at Calypso. She seemed neither better nor worse. He propped her up with straw bales to make her more comfortable and gave her another dose of medicine. It seemed heartless to wake a hard-working vet at 3 a.m. unless in a case of dire necessity and, reluctantly, he decided to wait until six o'clock. Only three hours: Calypso could hardly have got worse by then.

But she had. She had gone into a coma, and her breathing was jerky and laboured. In a panic which he tried hard to conceal Ted summoned the vet, who said nothing until he had completed his examination. Then his news was bleak.

"It's some kind of poisoning—probably a plant." He gave her another drench, and an injection to stimulate the heart.

"Can you save her?"

"Touch and go," the vet said. He left some medicine and promised to come back in the afternoon. But by then it was too late. Calypso lay stretched out with her head thrown back, cold and still.

Ted sat gloomily in the kitchen over tea. Calypso was dead, Carouso sold, Veronica deserting him—disaster all round. Even Señon Cassado's cheque had lost its magic.

Veronica rubbed her fingers through his hair and said: "Poor Ted! You've worked so hard. And I've not been a good wife to you."

"I've been a lousy husband. I don't know why you stick to me at all. Will you ever come back from this holiday?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Whatever do you mean?"

"This is no life for you. Don't think I don't realize it. But, Ronnie, if you have this new kitchen. . . . I'll ring up the builders in the morning."

Without another word she went out of the room. A little later, Ted heard the tinkle that the telephone made when you replaced the receiver. Her trip, he supposed: she was telephoning about the final arrangements.

"It's all arranged," she said when she returned to the kitchen, her expression now composed and, he thought, somehow more authoritative than he ever remembered it. She added: "I've just rung up your Argentinian friend."

"What on earth for?"

In answer, Veronica plucked an envelope from her pocket and extracted from it the cheque Ted had given her to send to the bank. Then she took out a silver cigarette-lighter Ted had given her during their courting days. The flame sprang into life and she held to it the edge of the cheque. The paper crumpled, a flame licked it up.

"Stop!" Ted cried, leaping from his chair. "What in heaven's name are you doing?"

"The deal's off."

"Are you insane? Seven hundred and fifty—for God's sake put it out. . . ."

But it was too late. The cheque clung to Veronica's fingers, a thin black shred. Ted sat down, bewildered.

"You'll ruin me," he said. "My best cow dead, the best deal I'm ever likely to make in my life washed out. . . ."

Veronica came over and put her hands on his shoulders. "I've some more news for you," she said.

"That's enough for one day."

"I've cancelled my trip."

"No, Veronica," Ted said slowly. "Do you think I'm going to come between you and everything you want?"

"You'd better try it! Listen, Ted, here's my plan. You'll keep Carouso. And Dad will give me the money he would have spent on standing me this trip abroad. We can put that towards the new kitchen. It won't pay for the whole thing but it will make a good start."

"Ronnie!" he said. "I can't allow it. You'll get nothing out of this."

"I'll get a cheerful husband, I hope," Veronica answered. "Even if I do have to share his affection with a bull."

THE END

Reginald M. Lester, who contributed a series of articles to JOHN BULL in 1952, has written a new book on life after death, *Towards The Hereafter*, published by Harraps at 12s. 6d.

GREATNESS—3

The greatest man or woman is ninety-nine per cent just like yourself.

G. B. Shaw

The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 23

interest. "What other people besides Dinamaula have them?"

"The regents in Gamate. A lot of young men here in Port Victoria. Even Gotwela. . . . Development, advancement, is always in the air in a country like this."

"Does that include your own officials?"

"Naturally."

"You mean that they would back Dinamaula up?"

"Not necessarily," answered the governor. "His ideas might be too ambitious, or they might not be the best thing for the country."

"Who is to judge that?" asked Tulbach Browne.

"The government of Pharamaul."

Tulbach Browne smiled unpleasantly. "In fact, what Dinamaula thinks and says isn't really important."

"I didn't say that. He can be of the very greatest help to us. I hope that he will be. But one man can't impose his views on the whole country."

Tulbach Browne's smile broadened perceptibly. "Surely one man *does*?"

"What man?"

"You," said Tulbach Browne.

The governor shook his head; almost in despair. "I am not one man," he explained laboriously. "I represent the Scheduled Territories Office, which in turn represents the will of Parliament, which represents the British people. I'm not a dictator. I simply carry out official policy." He pointed a thin finger towards Tulbach Browne. "Your policy."

"Count me out," said Tulbach Browne, relapsing into flippancy. "I want no part of it."

"That attitude," remarked the governor stiffly, "if I may say so, is responsible for a good many of our troubles all over the world."

At that, Tulbach Browne, recognizing that the boom was about to be lowered, rose to take his leave. He had got nothing much from the interview, but he was keeping in reserve—in fact, he would write it that very morning, as soon as he got back to his hotel—a story that would make all the other stories fade into the negligible background.

When he reached the door, and turned to say goodbye, Tulbach Browne made his last throw-away sentence a memorable one. "I expect you've heard," he said, "that Dinamaula wants to marry a white girl. . . ."

The first time in its entire history that Pharamaul Airlines had had to lay on extra flights, to cope with a sudden rush of traffic, had been in 1947, when a rumour of a gold strike had brought prospectors scurrying half across the world to inspect, assess and finally reject the island's mineral possibilities. The second occasion was the *Daily Flash* account of Dinamaula's marriage plans.

The story attracted visitors from many corners of the world, intrigued by this exotic news item which promised so many things to so many different men. They came like flies in summer, settled like locusts, voyaged like detribalized ants.

And among them five members of the world's press arrived to join Tulbach Browne upon his noisome, private battlefield.

It was in Port Victoria, in the shabby, rundown bar of the Hotel Bristol, that the press contingent first gathered after their arrival, greeting Tulbach Browne with a wary, thin-spread camaraderie as false as porcelain teeth. They were John Roper of *The Globe*, Axel Hallmarck of *Clang*, Pikkie Joubert of the South African News Service, and the famous, two-women photographic team from *Glimpse* magazine, Clandestine Lebourget and Noblesse O'Toole.

Surveying them, drinking with them, talking glibly without giving a thing away, Tulbach Browne was secretly flattered. It was his story that had brought them there. . . . He was not at all worried about the newly hatched competition.

It was a very unusual morning at the secretariat. The customary sun-drenched, sleepy calm had given place to a bustling, almost raucous, activity.

Clandestine Lebourget and Noblesse O'Toole, seasoned campaigners who had routed so many competitors that they no longer recognized competition, had secured first crack at the governor; and they made full use of their advantage. While Noblesse O'Toole—small, determined, blasphemous—was setting up a tall tripod to hold her battery of flashbulbs, Clandestine Lebourget stalked the governer first from one side, then from another, "sighting" him through her arched fingers, trundling her enormous bulk on tiny, moccasined feet.

Pikkie Joubert, of the South African News Service, was making heavy weather of his interview with Aidan Purves-Brownrigg. Indeed, there were very few reasons why that should *not* be so. Joubert was a big man, blond and tough, slow-moving, slow-thinking; Aidan Purves-Brownrigg was the precise opposite of all those things, and was patently disinclined to regret the fact. His quicksilver speech and *dégagé* air struck no answering chord, and aroused only scepticism and ponderous mistrust. . . .

Captain Simpson, the naval aide-de-camp, and Axel Hallmarck, of *Clang*, were getting on extremely well. People always get on extremely well with *Clang* correspondents; until later, when they read the current issue.

David Bracken was talking, without enthusiasm, to John Roper of the *Globe*, when Nicole Steuart came into his room. She would have been dearly welcome, at any other hour of the day or night; but just at that precise moment, when John Roper—paunchy, red-veined, unbuttoned in dress and mood—was concluding a story of complex and startling crudity with a dig in the ribs and a burst of laughter—just at that moment he could have wished that Nicole was a very long way away from them both.

John Roper lumbered to his feet as she entered. "What ho!" he exclaimed. "A bit of talent, for a change!" His eyes roved over Nicole's figure, frankly displayed in a dress of cool brevity. "Little one, you're a sight for sore eyes." He was already rather drunk. "Introduce me," he said to David, "before I burst a blood vessel and ruin the carpet."

David, torn ineptly between love, shame and anger, mumbled the appropriate sentence. It was swiftly caught

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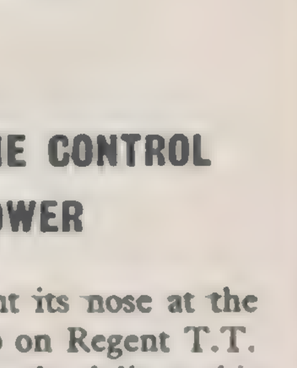

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up. "Nicole, eh?" said John Roper. "Pretty name for a *very* pretty girl." It seemed that he must already know every line of her body by heart. "And what do *you* do—in office hours, that is?" He guffawed. "I don't want any true confessions—not while young David is here, anyway."

"You won't get any," said Nicole briefly. She was in love with David that morning, and perhaps for every morning thereafter; she was in love with David, after a meeting wonderfully indecorous, wonderfully new, in her apartment the previous night. "I'm one of the secretaries," she said. And then, quickly: "See you later, David," she went on, without looking higher than his tie. "It was nothing special." Then she was gone.

"One of the secretaries, eh?" said John Roper, not at all abashed. "What are the others like?"

"She's the only one," answered David awkwardly.

"She'll do to go on with," said John Roper of the *Globe*.

WITH a curious, twilight sense of doom, Andrew Macmillan read over the last sentence he had written, the beginning of the account of the big tax troubles in his *History Of Pharamaul*.

"The centre of unrest," he had written, "was the town of Gamate itself, already uneasy owing to the prolonged absence of Chief Simaula, who was visiting the outlying tribes."

Andrew Macmillan raised his head from his manuscript book, suddenly wishing to write no more that day, nor to think of the troubled past. What he had just written was altogether too apt to the present, too much a part of the inevitable history of the Maulas.

Five years ago there had been a sudden blaze of riot in Gamate, stemming from discontents as frivolous and as varied as the colour of a new tax form, and the rumour of restrictions on the practice periods of the Gamate Town Band. Starting with senseless defiance, it had run a furious and bloody course, and ended with many dead men on either side, including four Maulas hanged for murder in Port Victoria jail.

Certainly Gamate today was full of rumour, full of uneasiness; certainly Dinamaula, like his father Simaula, was absenting himself indefinitely somewhere outside the town; and the fact was causing all sorts of gossip and unrest. Certainly there were many things likely to set a spark to trouble—wild talk about the chief's marriage, vague surmise of "new things" which the new chief was to bring with him, vivid speculation on the presence of strangers in the town.

He wished he had been able to see Dinamaula and clear up at least one aspect of the problem—his marriage. But Dinamaula had first sent non-committal messages of delay. Then he had been ill. Then he had left town, ostensibly to visit some of his cattle-posts in the surrounding ranch land. Until Macmillan could talk to Dinamaula, get the truth from him, persuade him to see reason, then he could make no start of any sort.

If it had been twenty years ago—if it had been ten years ago—he would have taken all this in his stride, dealt with it in a few sentences, a few brusque summonses to the tribal leaders, a quarter of an hour's forthright speaking on the *aboura*. Now, faced by shadowy difficulties, vague and grotesque fears, he felt powerless to cope with them.

He wanted nothing more than to reach across the dusty, cluttered desk, pick up the telephone, put through a priority call to Port Victoria, and say to the governor: "Sir, I resign." Then he would go back to his armchair, fill his pipe, ring the bell for Johannes—that other old has-been — and sip whisky and water until it was time for an early bed. . . .

Instead, he now had to talk to an American pressman with the defeating name of Axel Hallmarck—and talk to him in the light of a truly preposterous directive which had just reached him from the secretariat at Port Victoria. In paragraph one it stressed the need for extreme caution in dealing with the press. In paragraph two it called for "a demonstrated readiness to discuss all aspects of Maula affairs."

It was a wonder, thought Andrew Macmillan sourly, that there wasn't a paragraph three, telling him to do the whole thing standing on his head.

But when finally he met Axel Hallmarck, at tea time, with the sun lengthening the shadows in the garden, Axel Hallmarck turned out to be one of the nicest men he had ever encountered.

His questions were few, and innocently concerned with the normalities of life in Gamate. He wanted to know about the tribal hierarchy; he was interested in the local system of control and organization — how much was delegated to the Maulas, how much rested in the hands of the resident commissioner and his staff. He asked a few questions about native diet, and housing, and the average wage of a black man—any black man, the first to be met on any street—compared with the wage of someone like Fellows, who presided over the bar of the Gamate Hotel. He showed an interest in the local crime rate, and the length of time that Andrew had been in the territory, and the feeling—the general feeling, nothing detailed or quotable—of the local white residents concerning a possible mixed marriage.

GREATNESS—4

The real great man is the man who makes every man feel great.

G. K. Chesterton

Presently, unassumingly, he asked if he could have a quick word with Johannes, Andrew's old servant.

"Now why on earth should you want to talk to him?" asked Andrew, amused. "I doubt if Johannes has ever met a reporter in his life. I'm certain he's never read a newspaper. He wouldn't know what to say."

Axel Hallmarck smiled agreeably. "You said he was an old man. I wanted to talk to one of the older Maulas. Just to get their point of view."

"Johannes hasn't got a point of view," answered Andrew. "He's been my houseboy for over thirty-five years."

Axel Hallmarck was still smiling, with the utmost goodwill. "That, for me, is the interesting part. He must have a whole range of significant memories, just because of that long service record."

"See him if you like," agreed Andrew carelessly. "There won't be any surprises for you. But have a word with him, if you care to."

"I surely would." Axel Hallmarck rose to his feet. He looked round him, at the garden and the sunlight. "You know, I envy you, living here. . . . Now, if I can just go through to the kitchen for a few moments."

He opened the swing door leading to the dining-room, and passed through, adroit and untraceable as quicksilver. Silence fell again, broken only by a vague murmur from the direction of the kitchen. Presently, lulled by its sound, Andrew Macmillan dozed off. . . .

Then suddenly Tulbach Browne, that enigmatic key-man whom everyone liked to keep within their sights, was nowhere to be seen. One evening he was drinking and gossipping at the bar of the Gamate Hotel; the next morning he was gone, leaving a note for Fellows which read, curtly: "Hold my room for me."

But to take his place, a new character altogether arrived at lunch time the same day. Noblesse O'Toole was in the bar when the tall, scraggy figure in a white habit, ornamental leather belt and grey suede sandals made its appearance, striding through the swing door like a Texas Ranger who had just had a row with the wardrobe department.

It was Father Hawthorne.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Father Hawthorne, famed champion of a hundred lost causes, should have arrived in Gamate; indeed, there were many who maintained that no cause could be regarded as truly lost until Father Hawthorne had appeared on the scene. Tall, good looking, dramatically poor, his fame had spread far beyond the London slum parish where, many years ago, he had held a curacy; from that humble and constricted beginning—which had not detained him long—Father Hawthorne had blossomed out into global fame.

He was perhaps the classic cause-embracer, gullible, erratic and sly. Wherever injustice flowered, wherever tyranny held sway, Father Hawthorne was inevitably to be found, flaunting his white habit like an old ballerina with a new lease of life, springing to arms in defence of the very latest martyr, trailing the headlines like a St. Bernard dog with a keg of acid round its neck.

On that morning of glaring heat in Gamate, Father Hawthorne did not remain long in the hotel bar—just long enough, in fact, to make everyone else, however abstemious, feel as if they were wallowing in swinish self-defilement. Then he nodded in a manly sort of way to Fellows, and his white figure swished through the swing door again. He had a luncheon engagement with Father Schwemmer, and he knew the importance of punctuality to a simple household.

The two men were in sharp contrast. Indeed, as they sat at table together, the small old priest and the tall youngish one might have served as the "before and after" recommendation for some essential brand of tonic. No one could have looked less dramatic than Father Schwemmer, whose meagre frame and grey-lined face seemed to shrink almost to nothing when set close beside Father Hawthorne's virile and intrusive presence. No one could have failed to recognize the faith and calling of Father Hawthorne, whose Christlike humility was famous in five continents and could be detected at twenty paces across the most crowded room. No one, asked to choose between the two men, in any realm save simplicity, would have hesitated for a moment before stepping up to Father Hawthorne and exchanging a hearty Christian handshake.

At length Father Hawthorne pushed back his chair. "Will you call a blessing?" he asked quietly.

After a moment of surprise, Father Schwemmer bent his head. "*Benedictus Benedicat*," he said.

"Amen to that!" rejoined Father Hawthorne, with deep feeling. "And now, perhaps a little coffee, to round off that excellent meal?"

"You would like some coffee?" asked Father Schwemmer, rising. "I am sure it can be arranged. . . ." His voice trailed off uncertainly as he went through into the kitchen. There was a pause, filled vaguely by a speech from somewhere at the back of the house, and then Father Hawthorne, glancing out of the window, saw the figure of the boy Joseph setting out at a loping trot towards Gamate village.

"I'm afraid I am putting you out," said Father Hawthorne when his host rejoined him. "I thought perhaps—er—that you would be taking coffee after the meal."

Father Schwemmer smiled shyly. "I fear my housekeeping arrangements are not of the best standard," he said. "It is good to be reminded of it sometimes."

LATER Father Hawthorne accompanied his host to a meeting in the village school, where Father Schwemmer held a weekly Bible class. When it was over, Father Hawthorne sat on, talking freely to whoever would listen to him, gathering round him a wondering circle who hung on his words and fine gestures.

He talked of the future, when Gamate would be a free and happy place, having struck off the shackles of the past. At one point, indeed, he used the word "liberation." He told them that the Maulas had many friends in the outside world. He assured them especially that all men were equal, and that the time was near when this must be made manifest.

It was no wonder that, during all these days and nights, rumour ran through Gamate like a rabid dog, leaving in its train hysteria, convulsive fear and fleeting, unreasonable joy. . . .

Captain Crump of the Royal Pharamaul Police sat at his desk in the drab living-room of his official quarters, rough-typing a report for Andrew Macmillan.

"One," he wrote, "the Chief-Designate. Dinamaula has left Gamate to visit cattle-posts to the south-west. He is alone, except for Mr. Llewellyn (agricultural officer), who chanced to be in the same area, and is now accompaying him as adviser. . . ."

Under a yellow, low-hanging moon, the handful of men sat round the camp fire—the fire that was a tiny prick of flame in a vast, silent plain.

Only three men talked: Dinamaula, soon to be chief of the Maulas; Llewellyn, the agricultural officer present at the cattle-well by the true working of chance; and old Paulus, chief herd-boy of this small part of the royal herd.

Of the three men, one of them—Paulus—was contented, because his chief had come to see the state of the cattle, and the state of the cattle was good. Another—Llewellyn—was uncomfortable, because he had blundered by accident upon this meeting, and his orders now were to stay where he was until it was ended.

The third, Dinamaula, was unhappy, puzzled and angry.

He himself had come to this place to

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see old Paulus, honoured servant of his father, a man who could look at six head of cattle, chosen haphazard from the herd, and then name the sire and the grandsire of each. He had come, also, to be alone; alone and traceless under the sky of his own country; alone with simple people; alone as a chief might expect to be alone, if he wished it so.

But on the third day of his private wandering, Llewellyn the agricultural officer—the man, moreover, who had been a witness of his shame in the bar of the Gamate Hotel—Llewellyn had driven up to the camp at the edge of the water-pan, and hailed him as a friend, and then talked secretly on the radio. . . . It had meant the end of privacy, of the dignity of a chief visiting his royal herds; the end, indeed, of his freedom to talk and think as a chief.

Dinamaula was suddenly enraged. "I am no longer a child, to be spied on and—and followed," he said, speaking his thoughts. "I am a chief. These are my herds, these are my subjects. . . . If you had been here," he went on, conscious even as he said it of a childish boastfulness, a barbarous pride, "when I arrived at this well of Baraula, you would have seen how a chief is greeted in Pharamaul."

After an uneasy pause, Llewellyn said: "I know that you have loyal tribesmen. And there is no question of spying or following."

"You were talking about me on the radio." Again Dinamaula gestured, towards Llewellyn's big cross-country caboose, with its heavy-treaded tyres, its sleeping-berth, its radio mast.

"I made a routine radio report on the police schedule," answered Llewellyn, somewhat sharply. "I mentioned that I had met you here, at the Baraula well. I would naturally mention it. The resident commissioner would expect me to."

Dinamaula smiled sourly. "Oh, I know that he would *expect* it. What else does he expect?"

"He expects to see you as soon as you get back."

"Why?"

"There is talk of your marriage. There is talk of certain changes for the tribe." Unconsciously, Llewellyn lapsed into the Maula form of speech, even though he still spoke in English. "You have said many things to the newspapers. Mr. Macmillan wants to discuss all this with you."

"Is he angry?" asked Dinamaula, in spite of himself.

LLEWELLYN shook his head. "He is disturbed. He wants to talk to you. . . . Chief," he said suddenly, appealingly, "when you talk about marriage in the way you did, it is not a good thing that you immediately go away from Gamate."

"I am visiting my herds," said Dinamaula. "I came here, and I am going to the other wells also, to talk of such things. I wish to discuss old matters, not new matters that bring trouble and insults."

"Insults?"

"Yes, insults. If I wish to marry, that is my own affair. If I wish to choose a wife in England, that is my own affair also."

After a moment, Llewellyn answered: "You know that that is not so. . . . For God's sake, man!" he burst out, forgetting the formal pattern of their talk, "think what you're doing!"

"Paulus," said Dinamaula, turning his head.

"Yes, my chief?" said the old man.

"I will sleep now. Tomorrow we will talk of the herds."

"Yes, my chief."

Llewellyn stood up. "I'll turn in," he said curtly.

"You wish to talk on the radio?" asked Dinamaula ironically.

"No," said Llewellyn. "I want to think."

"Whatever you *think*," said Dinamaula, with insulting emphasis, "I am not coming back until I choose to. . . ."

"Two," wrote Crump, continuing his weekly report. "Port Victoria. A meeting of the 'Maula Freedom Party' was addressed by Zuva Katsaula, Dinamaula's cousin. It was attended by about 220 persons, including Mr. Tulbach Browne, *Daily Flash* correspondent, who spoke very briefly and at one point told the meeting (verbatim quote): 'Whatever you decide to do, I can assure you that you have a lot of friends in England.' Zuva himself came near enough to advocating violent political changes in the territory to justify our close attention in the future. . . ."

The hall, a converted garage with boarded-up windows, a rickety platform set on trestles and rows of wooden benches, was hot and smelt acridly of sweat and tobacco. At the back of the platform was a faded United Nations flag, crudely stencilled with the outline of a fish at one corner. Overhead was a long paper streamer which read: MAULA FREEDOM PARTY.

There were no women present, and the men were a kaleidoscope of downtown Port Victoria; clerks in flashy suits and zoot ties, labourers in singlets and jeans, other men in blankets, their bare feet set solidly on the cracked concrete floor.

There was no doubt that Zuva was a spell-binder, though the spell by which he sought to bind his audience was relentlessly vague.

His theme was a "new deal" for Pharamaul, a new deal that was to be won "come what may," a new deal that was to include "a fundamental change in Pharamaul's social structure." So far, so good. But Tulbach Browne could not help noticing, as the spate of words multiplied and the phrases fell like warm, misty rain, the infinite skill with which Zuva avoided the phrase that might trip him.

He inferred that this "new deal" would mean a struggle. What sort of struggle? Zuva never said. He warned them that they would meet with resistance. How would it be overcome? He did not elaborate. He promised "all power to the Maula people." But he offered no explanation.

It was a performance so persuasive, so brilliant, and so studded with gaps, that Tulbach Browne found himself lost in speculation long before the end. Indeed, when Zuva Katsaula, pausing towards the close of the meeting, looked down at him and said: "We have a special friend here tonight, a white friend from England. I am going to ask him to say a word to you," it was some moments before Tulbach Browne awoke to the fact that he was expected to rise and speak.

He stood up and turned towards the body of the hall. The audience craned their necks, whispering.

"I cannot make speeches," he said, "and with this man in the same room"—he gestured towards Zuva Katsaula—"I would not try." There was a stir of laughter; and some handclapping. "All I want to say is that I have been very interested in all that I have heard tonight. I would like to add that, whatever you decide to do, I can assure you that you have a lot of friends in England."

HE sat down to a full burst of clapping. Zuva rose again. He was smiling broadly.

"You have all heard," he said, "this promise of active help, from a man who is a great power in his own country. We have many other friends who will also help us in our struggle for freedom. Soon I am going to talk with our brothers to the north."

What brothers? thought Tulbach Browne, and felt his question shared by the whole audience. How far north did Zuva mean? The U-Maulas? The English comrades? The Russians? But what did it matter, so long as they were *brothers*. . . .

"Three," wrote Crump: "Gamate. A tribal *aboura* was held to discuss various local matters, including recent rumours in Gamate. It was attended by nearly two thousand Maulas, men and women, four times the normal number, and was addressed at length by Seralo and Puero (first and third regents).

"Discussion included such matters as the 'colour-bar incident' at the hotel, the induction of the new chief, the possibility of changes in the territory, and the question of Dinamaula's marrying 'against the custom.'

"There is a clear possibility of a tribal split over the marriage question. The greatest interest was shown when Puero hinted that if Dinamaula were opposed in any of his plans, he might leave the tribe. No decision or show of hands was called for, but there was lively discussion afterwards.

"The press have been very active, and seem to be concentrating on Puero, possibly advising him and suggesting various courses of action.

"The Dinamaula regiment (young men of the chief's own age-group), have been drilling outside the town, and practising the mock-killing of some prisoners shut up in a hut. . . ."

ALTHOUGH it was high noon, the hottest and most humid hour of Gamate's lowering day, the throng on the *aboura* was vast. Lapping within a few feet of the shaded stoep which was the place of honour, it stretched far back under the thorn trees at the edge of the tribal meeting ground.

The proceedings began decorously enough. Katsaula, the second regent and the historian of the tribe, who usually opened the meetings, was ill and could not attend; in his place old Seralo came forward to raise his hand in greeting, and to speak to the people, while Puero, the third regent, sat in the shade behind him.

"*Ahsula!*" began Seralo, wavering, and yet impressive on account of his age and his great wisdom. "I am glad to see you, in the name of the regents of this tribe. I have some matters to speak of."

He paused, while the throng settled itself to listen.

"First," Seralo began, when all was still, "I would speak of our chief."

"*Ahsula!*" came an answering shout.

Seralo smiled. "I see that you love him," he said, "as I love him. Soon there will come a day when my task is done, and Chief Dinamaula, grandson of the great Maula, will rule in my place. That day"—he paused—"will be three weeks from this day."

There was a murmur of agreement from the crowd. Three weeks was not too long a time to prepare all the ceremonies and the feasting.

"It will be a time of great rejoicing," Seralo went on, "which we will all share. But it is right for me to say that all things should have their proper measure. It will be a time for rejoicing, not a time for drunkenness.

"I have witnessed," he continued now with sorrow, "the growth of drunkenness among the tribe. It is not seemly to see, as we have seen in the past few weeks, men stumbling and falling, full of their beer, empty of their sense. Often it is not beer," he went on sternly, "but *bariaana*." He used the Maula term for the vicious home-brew of fermented bread and fruit which was forbidden by law. "Let it be beer, and beer only," said Seralo, with ancient authority, "and not too much on any single day."

From among the young men gathered in the middle of the *aboura* a grinning youth called out: "You say, let it be beer, and not too much beer. You say, let it never be *bariaana*. But you and the other regents and the chief can get the white man's strong liquor at the hotel on any day that you choose."

At that there was a hiss of disapproval from the older men, quickly drowned in a shout of laughter.

As Seralo was about to speak, in

MY BROTHER Charlie

WHEN my brother Charlie—he later took a stage name—was at school, he was always the first to suggest schoolboy pranks. He was the ringleader of countless escapades in the streets of Liverpool, and a particular game of his was to swing like a monkey from the arms of lamp posts.

One of his companions, being less athletic, fell. "Not like that," said Charlie casually, as the poor boy stumbled to his feet with a broken arm.

Our father was a well-known entertainer in the north. Charlie emulated him by becoming an adept player of the violin. On one occasion, being short of pocket-money as usual, he took up a strategic position in the doorway of a public house, where he fiddled away for three hours. He collected fourpence.

He became an enthusiastic Boy Scout and made his first public appearance as an entertainer at a Scout concert. He had to sing "Pack Up Your Troubles" dressed in a huge sheepskin coat. This brought him his first press notice.

Charlie was very bright and won a scholarship to the Liverpool Collegiate School. And he loved football. In fact, he was even once given a job as a clerk at 15s. a week solely on the strength of this talent, so that he could play in the works team.

The monotony of the work nearly drove him mad and he determined to get himself sacked, because if he left a job of his own accord he could not collect the dole.

There was a strict rule about not smoking, so Charlie smoked himself sick on every possible occasion, managing at last to be caught, but only by the team's centre-half. "If you had been caught by anybody but me," he said, "you would have got the sack."

Later, he became so good at football that he was signed up by Liverpool A.F.C. He played for one of their junior teams, Ainsdale Football Club.

He got his first real chance in life when his friend George helped him to get taken on as violinist with a dance band. He played three nights a week in a crowded dance hall, and on one occasion he was asked to sing the vocal refrain.

Half-way through the first chorus, a very ripe orange just missed his left ear, but Charlie, undeterred, stumbled through to the end with tremendous dignity.

George was a great help to Charlie in his career, and to me, too. I married him.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 57

and popular, confident always. Are you? Most skin troubles are caused by germs which breed under your skin. That's why Valderma Balm is so effective. It contains *two* powerful but gentle antiseptics. These sink deep into your skin, seeking out and killing off germs.

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marriage of the chief is not a thing to be thrown from mouth to mouth. But since this man"—he pointed to Puero, while on the *aboura* stillness fell again at the insulting word and gesture—"talks so freely of it, I will say this. A marriage such as we have heard spoken of is against the custom. The chief should marry one of his own race. Anything else would be an impurity." Seralo hesitated. "That is all I have to say," he concluded, his voice falling sadly, as was the way with old men overwhelmed by new things. "The *aboura* is ended."

But Puero seized the last word. Before Seralo could step back, before the men on the *aboura* made their first move to disperse, he called out: "Hear this! If the chief is opposed in this marriage, or if he is opposed in any way, he may not wish to step up to his father's throne. A new chief who is ruled by the old men, or by government, is no chief at all. Indeed," he said, on a last note of sly, mocking inquiry, "where is our chief today?"

Then he turned and passed within the doorway at his back, while behind him on the *aboura* astonished voices

In the deep fronded silence, among the dripping trees which made the clearing in the forest a cavern of secrecy, two men advanced to their meeting, preserving each his barbarous self-esteem.

When Gotwela, chief of the U-Maulas, looked at Zuva Katsaula, the man from the south, he restrained with an effort his contempt for a black man who used the white man's clothes to assume a white man's skin. When Zuva looked at Gotwela, he saw a savage, still bound hand and foot to the jungle. In the meanwhile, each had a service to seek from the other.

"*Ahsula!*" said Zuva formally, when the guards had withdrawn. "I have made a long journey to see you."

"You are welcome," growled Gotwela. His huge, sweating body, clad only in the *simbara*, the ceremonial lion skin, swayed backwards until it found the support of the reed wall of his hut. His breath was beer-laden, reeking in the hot sunshine. "Tell me of Gamate," he commanded.

The story Zuva told was many-sided; it was the story of the men of the fish as he himself knew it, the new creed curtly, and rose to his feet.

Zuva rose also, as if in a dream. He knew of the U-Maula initiation, the rite of the fish, by which the inner circle bound themselves by actions so loathsome and degraded that they were for ever exiled beyond the pale of normal living, and doomed to a path of hatred and violence.

He watched, still in his dream, as the old man struck a note upon a gong, and other men came out of the forest to gather round the royal hut, and a youth appeared with a huge fish-head laid out on a wooden gourd, followed by a naked comely girl who walked towards him with drugged and burning eyes. . . .

Zuva, small man with ready tongue and keen brain, Zuva now gave himself up to the rite of the fish.

He heard, as in a fantastic dream, the far-off voice of Gotwela, thick and guttural: "Say after me. 'I, Zuva Katsaula, swear——'" Dimly, he heard his own voice repeating the incredible, tainted oath—"that as I prove my manhood now . . . so will I kill every white man in my country."

To be continued next week

Strong arm with a load of trouble

Continued from page 39

platform as he backed up. The tank forced the jib over the crane, slipped from its slings and crashed on to a brick wall, demolishing it.

Some of his most difficult jobs have been carried out for films. In one scene of the comedy, *The Lyons In Paris*, Jones had to lift Ben Lyon, in an old car, from a wharf on to the deck of a ship. "The trick was in suspending the comedian over the ship's funnel so that it covered him with smoke, then swinging him clear quickly so that he wouldn't choke."

Although his timing was accurate on that occasion, it went awry while he was operating his crane for another film, *The Sound Barrier*. He was to pick a crashed aircraft out of a crater and swing it on to a lorry, but as he lowered the hook to the load he was blinded by powerful arc lights. The hook only just missed the head of an actress.

Because of the risk involved in crane-work, insurance companies charge high premiums. In 1954 accidents involving these cranes totalled 3,940, sixty-four of which were fatal.

The bulk of accidents are accounted for by faulty slinging, inefficient signalling and careless handling of the crane.

Uneven ground also causes danger. While unloading booms from a lorry and dropping them down a thirty-foot precipice into a sand-dredger machine, Jones was working at the full radius of his crane and it began to totter on the edge. "We had to move back quickly to avoid going over," he says.

Jones considers that his worst jobs are those near power or high tension cables. Once he dismantled part of a sub-station in a thick fog. When he returned the next day to finish the job, he saw that he had been working in a maze of live cables.

"Electricity had been crackling around me as I worked," he says. "And I hadn't realized that it was so close."

In carrying out some jobs Jones has to make sure that the hoist rope does not sway to either side. At an ice-cream factory he had to lift a four-ton steel cylinder through a network of gas-filled pipes on to a platform twenty-two feet above the floor. To avoid fracturing the pipes, he had to move the cylinder straight up, inch by inch. With another man guiding him, it took two hours to finish the job.

"Operating a crane, though, has advantages over operating other types of machinery," Jones says. After the rear of his crane sank into the mud as he was backing to lower a load into the basement of a brewery, he fixed the jib to a nearby tree and lifted himself out. When he found two large lorries blocking his path in a narrow village street, he lifted them on to the pavement and continued on his way.

With the steady increase in building in the last few years, cranes are much in demand. Normally they are called in to handle loads exceeding two hundredweight, one floating crane has even been manufactured with a lifting capacity of two hundred tons.

For his emergency cranework, Jones charges £2 an hour. Sometimes he carries out jobs free. He was passing through Grangemouth in Scotland on a demonstration tour when he saw that a tram had come off the lines. He lifted it back on them before continuing on his way.

Occasionally he has been at the scene of an accident where immediate cranework was needed. After a car and lorry came into collision in front of him on an icy Hertfordshire highway, he jumped out of his cab, covered the injured car driver with blankets and phoned for an ambulance. When the man had been taken to hospital, he lifted the wrecked car off the road so that traffic could pass safely.

Frequently Jones works overtime on emergencies. He had just finished work when he was called to a London dockyard where a barge had put in with a cargo of perishable foodstuffs. Workers could not unload it because their dockyard crane had broken down and Jones worked until midnight, swinging 120 tons from the barge on to the wharf.

Sometimes emergency jobs cannot be handled in the ordinary way. Jones was on his way back to the yard one dark evening last winter when his headlights picked out a small car marooned in floodwater. On its roof the driver sat forlornly, watching the water rise up inside his car.

There was no time to put the crane part of his equipment into operation, so Jones fixed a rope to the back of his lorry and the front bumper of the car. He towed it out. THE END

The one that got away

Continued from page 15

he encountered later described him as "perky," "cheeky," and "a delightful personality with a twinkle in his eye."

Other German prisoners had passed this way. No doubt Manhard had survived. Perhaps he had already been sent to a permanent prisoner-of-war camp and was even now planning to escape. . . .

Escape! The more von Werra thought about it the more the idea excited him. He began to pace the room.

There was a shout up the stairs. The guard outside the door replied. The lock clicked, the door opened and the guard called: "Come with me, Mister Werra!"

VON WERRA entered the interrogator's office determined to stick to the name, rank and number formula only. He was prepared for anything and everything—except what actually happened.

The interrogator was in army uniform and wore a captain's stars. (At a later stage of his captivity, comparing notes with other German prisoners, von Werra discovered that British interrogators changed their names, ranks and even uniforms to suit the particular prisoner being interviewed. Whatever changes were rung, the interrogator's rank was always higher than that of the prisoner being interviewed.)

In the course of the long interview, von Werra was astonished not to be asked a single question that seemed in any way connected with secret military matters. The captain did not appear to have the slightest interest in these things. He did not seem to realize that, if he had the mind to do so, the prisoner could disclose much vital information.

The captain did not even ask von Werra what unit he belonged to and where it was based. He was friendly, sympathetic, anxious to know whether the prisoner had been properly treated, whether he needed medical attention. He immediately produced a packet of cigarettes and matches, and allowed von Werra to enjoy the first few long, soothing draws of smoke in silence.

All that the captain was interested in was politics—particularly von Werra's politics. What did he think about the origins of the war? How had he reacted to the signing of the Russo-German non-aggression pact?

Von Werra felt on safe ground. There could be no possible objection to his answering such questions. In fact, they gave him a welcome opportunity to demonstrate his unshakable convictions and loyalties. He glibly gave the stock answers.

The captain seemed visibly impressed by the replies. In a very short time, von Werra's inner tension and defensive crispness completely vanished. He became relaxed, expansive, natural, and left the interview in high spirits. The strain he had been under since being captured had evaporated in the friendly, smoky atmosphere of the captain's office.

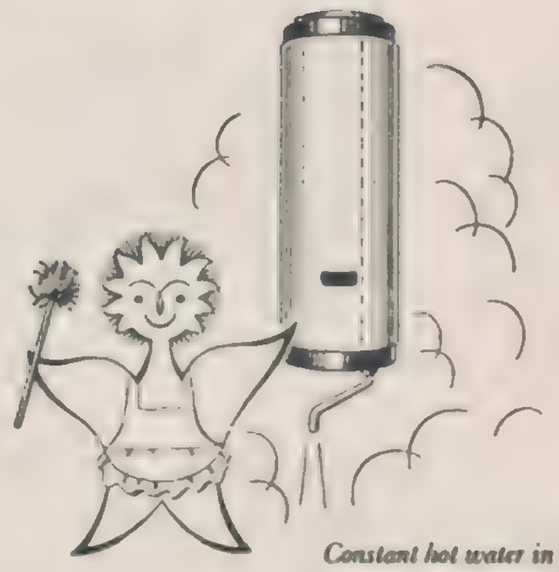
It was not until much later, when he was able to see the interview in

MY BROTHER CHARLIE

See page 55

Charlie Olden, Ted Ray, the comedian, is Mrs. Lena Johnston's brother

No more luke-warm water when you have Gas water heaters in your home! The instantaneous Gas water heater gives bath after bath, just at the turn of a tap—no waiting, and *no* waste. In the kitchen too, the new Gas sink heaters (illustrated on right) give abundant hot water for the washing up.



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MURRAY REGENT

perspective, that he realized just how clever the captain had been.

The Englishman's interest was not so much in politics as in von Werra himself. He wanted to assess his character, intelligence and morale, to discover his weaknesses and the limits of his intellect and education. He wanted to decide which technique was likely to yield the best results in the main interrogations, which were yet to come. To be able to do this it was necessary to get the prisoner to talk freely and at length. In most cases politics, especially Nazi politics, did the trick.

Von Werra was returned to Room 13. Half an hour later, he was escorted downstairs to the little office off the vestibule. An officer and two military policemen were waiting for him. The officer was holding two large envelopes, one of them bulky. *His* envelopes.

Again he was bundled into a truck between two guards, the officer climbed in beside the driver, and they moved off. It was late afternoon. They passed through the northern outskirts of London, and then turned off on to a side road. Presently they halted outside a huge mansion built round three sides of a square. It was Trent Park, Cockfosters—now a teachers' training college.

As the party dismounted, a sergeant hurried out of a side door putting on a red cap. The officer, a lieutenant, returned his salute and said: "One Boche, delivered. Sign here, Sergeant."

The two envelopes were handed over, the formalities completed, and the sergeant led von Werra through the side door and down a flight of steps into the basement. He was marched down a long, low corridor, and began to feel uneasy. There was something odd about this place.

Then he found himself blinking on the threshold of a small, brilliantly lit room, all white paint, starched white overalls, white enamel dishes and the glitter of surgical instruments in a glass cabinet.

A bald-headed man was seated at a desk, writing. He glanced up. "Von Werra? Speak English?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Go in there and strip."

"*Jawohl, Herr Doktor.*"

Another, younger man, also in white, appeared at an open doorway on one side of the room.

"Usual thing, Corporal."

"Very good, sir."

Von Werra remembered rumours of what went on in the basement of Gestapo headquarters in Berlin. He also recalled the tales of German airmen being tortured in England. As he passed into the adjoining room, his glance fell on a trolley on which, among other things, there was a hypodermic syringe in a kidney-shaped dish and, behind it, an enamel jug containing a coiled length of rubber tubing.

VON WERRA stripped. His body was deeply tanned by the sun and seawater of the coastal airfield in the Pas-de-Calais. The orderly weighed him, measured his height, took his temperature and pulse.

After a few minutes the doctor came in briskly. Nothing worse was going to happen to Oberleutnant von Werra than a thorough medical examination. The R.A.F. was very interested in the physical condition of captured enemy air crew.

The doctor noted the prisoner's physique: small but broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted, tough, muscular and lithe. The following entries on von Werra's medical form were later to be widely circulated by the police, and broadcast by the B.B.C.:

Age: 26. Height: 5 ft. 7 in. Weight: 10 st.

Physical appearance: Sturdy build. Fair, wavy hair. Blue eyes. Sound, white, even teeth. Fresh complexion. Clean shaven.

Distinguishing marks: Stiff, straight, scarred forefinger, right hand. Has no lobes to his ears.

After the medical examination, the guard sergeant took the prisoner to the supply room, where he was issued with a collarless flannel shirt, long woollen underwear, a pair of thick woollen socks, toilet articles and a civilian gas mask.

He was then escorted along corridors, through hallways, up flights of stairs, his heart sinking lower with every step. There were armed guards on duty everywhere. Dozens of them. Escape under such conditions seemed utterly impossible.

At last the sergeant halted at a door in a corridor on the third and top floor. "This is your room," he said. "Food will be brought to you."

Von Werra was kept in isolation for twenty-four hours. Then, at dusk on the evening of Saturday, September 7, he was marched downstairs between two guards.

He was ushered into a pleasantly furnished office. The walls were panelled, the floor carpeted and there were several leather-upholstered armchairs. Blackout curtains were drawn across the windows. A powerful reading lamp cast a circle of light on the top of a massive mahogany desk, at which an R.A.F. officer was seated, writing.

The escort marched him up to the desk.

"Well?" inquired the officer casually, without looking up.

"Corporal Bates reporting with Prisoner von Werra, sir," said one of the guards.

"Right-ho, Corporal. Mount guard outside. You may go."

As the door closed the officer at last glanced up. He had a thin, lined face, bushy upswept eyebrows and an upward-curling moustache. His eyes, small and sunken, shone like black beads.

Speaking in slightly accented German, he said: "I am Squadron Leader Hawkes. Sit down, Oberleutnant von Werra."

The prisoner clicked his heels together, bowed stiffly, and then sat down in a low, leather-covered chair a little to one side of the desk. The squadron leader continued writing for at least two minutes. Then he reached for a silver cigarette case with a model of a Spitfire on the lid, opened it and held it out to the prisoner.

Von Werra sucked the smoke deep into his lungs. The satisfaction of his craving for nicotine made him feel a little giddy.

"As one of the very minor aces of the first World War," said the squadron leader, "I am especially thrilled to meet one of the major aces of the second."

Was it von Werra's imagination, or did the Englishman's words have a hidden meaning? Von Werra felt his fear and fury rising. Perhaps he was being deliberately provoked.

"It was kind of you, Herr Major," he began, mimicking the other's casual drawl, "to give me a much-needed cigarette, but my sense of obligation is not going to make me reveal any military information. Not even the name and number of my unit. *Nichts!*"

The squadron leader said nothing for several minutes. The silence lasted so long that von Werra felt more and more a fool.

"You mentioned something about your unit, Oberleutnant von Werra," the squadron leader then said casually.

Von Werra banged the arm of his chair. "I tell you I can't reveal. . . ." he began angrily.

". . . and that set me wondering," the Englishman continued, "which of your friends in the Headquarters *Staffel* (squadron) of the Second *Gruppe* of Number Three Fighter *Geschwader* will look after Simba, your lion cub, now that your deathless exploits with that unit have come to an end. Sanni, perhaps?"

Von Werra's mouth opened, and stayed open. But that was only the beginning.

The squadron leader showed that he knew more—much more—about him than he thought. He produced a copy of a German magazine with a cover picture of von Werra and Simba.

Then he handed him a typescript of a radio broadcast which von Werra had made eight days previously. Von Werra had claimed the destruction of nine British planes, and his story had been described by the interviewer as "the greatest fighter exploit of the war."

"You know as well as I do, don't you," said Squadron Leader Hawkes evenly, "that there was no incident even remotely resembling your alleged exploit? There is absolutely nothing in squadron records that bears out your tale. Not one fighter was lost in the way you claim. 'The greatest fighter exploit of the war' was fictitious from beginning to end."

Von Werra remained silent.

"Well, Oberleutnant," the officer continued, "you received the Iron Cross Second Class for shooting down two French bombers, and your claims to have destroyed six British bombers earned you the Iron Cross First Class. No doubt, in due course, you will be awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross for destroying nine phantom Hurricanes over a non-existent British airfield. However, there will be nothing insubstantial about the prison camp in which you will have to celebrate the award." He called out: "Escort the prisoner to his room, Corporal."

Von Werra stood up. "Herr Major," he said, "whether I get the Knight's Cross or not remains to be seen. But I'll wager you a magnum of champagne to ten cigarettes that I escape within six months."

Squadron Leader Hawkes, writing at the desk, did not bother to look up. "Remove him, Corporal," he said wearily.

Perhaps it was as well he did not accept the wager. He would have lost.

Von Werra was kept in solitary confinement for several more days, and then one morning was moved into a room with Oberleutnant Carl Westerhoff, an old and close friend, and one of his *Geschwader* comrades.

The two prisoners greeted one another warmly, and Westerhoff plied his friend with questions. "How and when were you shot down? How long have you been here?"

Von Werra answered briefly, guardedly. He glanced continually round the room, at the walls and the ceiling, and especially at a dark corner where there was a little ventilator grille. Finally, he interrupted Westerhoff's eager chattering and whispered: "There's bound to be a microphone in this room. Let's look for it. I'll climb up on to your shoulders and have a look at that ventilator grille in the corner. Don't say a thing!"

Westerhoff looked incredulous, but did as he was asked. When von Werra got down he pulled Westerhoff away from the corner before whispering: "That's where it is. There's definitely a black object in there and some wires. And you can see that the face-plate has been removed recently. Let's lean out of the window and talk. We'll be safe there."

"What made you suspect . . . ?"

"Obvious! The British didn't put us together for nothing."

The presence of a microphone in the ventilator was confirmed by a further inspection after the light had been switched on that night. As far as possible, they avoided dangerous topics of conversation. If they wanted to say something and not be overheard, they moved to a corner remote from the ventilator and spoke in whispers.

Then von Werra thought of an

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

WITH a few simple alterations I converted an old dressing chest into an attractive kitchen cabinet. First I removed the bottom drawers; then I took out the dividing spar and cut it to make a door jamb. From one drawer and some plywood I made two doors. The other drawer I used to make the upper part of the cabinet, to which I added a shelf. Finally I fitted a plastic table top, and painted the cabinet to match the kitchen furniture.—*R. Carter, Royal Street, Gourock, Renfrewshire.*

GREATNESS—5

Great men are rarely isolated mountain-peaks; they are the summits of ranges.

T. W. Higginson

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EP49/56

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GARDEN PEAS

BPP96 454

amusing way of passing the time. He talked loudly for the benefit of the microphone—about imaginary characters, giving them nicknames, describing their appearance, their hobbies, their girl friends, their exploits, and assigning them to imaginary units.

During the day he and Westerhoff leaned side by side out of the window, and, provided they talked quietly, felt safe from being overheard.

Then, on the morning following their third night in the room, von Werra suddenly sat up in bed as though a pin had been stuck into him. "God, what a fool I've been!" he cried. "What an utter fool!"

The ventilator was the most obvious place in the room to put a microphone. It was the sort of place that Germans might have chosen—but not the subtle British. They had put it there *intending* it to be found. Eight chaps out of ten would look for a microphone as soon as they were moved into the room, and find it as von Werra and Westerhoff had done in the first half-hour. Having found it, they would feel so pleased with their cleverness that it would never occur to them that they were being tricked into talking into another properly concealed mike outside the window.

But although they closely examined every inch of the window framework and the wall surrounding it, both inside and outside, and although they tapped the window-ledge and looked underneath the window-sill, they found no trace of a microphone.

While they were making their inspection, von Werra gave a running commentary in a loud, clear voice: "Hallo, R.A.F. Intelligence. Oberleutnant von Werra calling R.A.F. Intelligence. I'm trying to find a microphone concealed near the window of my room. I am now tapping the hollow sash-board on the left-hand side. Are you receiving me? Oberleutnant von Werra calling and testing. . . ."

It may have been pure coincidence, but that morning Westerhoff and von Werra were moved out of the room.

After two weeks at Cockfosters, von Werra was returned to London District Cage, Kensington Palace Gardens, where he was interrogated for another four days.

Late on the fourth night, at the end of a long and acrimonious interrogation, he was told he would be sent to a permanent prison camp for officers the next morning.

HE arrived at Officers' P.O.W. Camp No. 1, Grizedale Hall, in the Lake District, towards the end of September, 1940. At that time it was the only camp in Britain for captured officers.

Grizedale is in Lancashire, three miles south of Hawkshead, a mile north of the hamlet of Satterthwaite, and midway between Windermere and Coniston Water. On the Coniston side of Grizedale the wild moorland country extends almost without a break for twenty miles to the Irish Sea.

The Hall was once one of the stately homes of England, a gaunt stone mansion containing thirty to forty rooms. After standing empty for some years, it had been turned into a holiday hostel, and then in 1940 the War Office took it over for use as a prison camp. Its isolation made it ideal for the purpose. In the early part of the war it came to be known locally as "U-boat Hotel"; then later, when it was used as a special centre for top-ranking German officers, including Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, it was re-christened "Hush-Hush Hall." It stands empty again today, though the Forestry Commission works the estate for its timber.

The senior German officer was responsible to the camp commandant for the prisoners' discipline. He and the officers next in seniority formed the *Ältestenrat* (literally, "council of the eldest") of the camp—a sort of governing body. Its overt functions were to maintain discipline, to look after the welfare of prisoners and to act as their representatives.

Theoretically, no power whatsoever was vested in the *Ältestenrat*; punishment for infractions of discipline, for instance, was determined and carried out by the British. But in practice it wielded immense power. It acted as the escape committee for the camp, censored mail and sat as a secret court to try prisoners suspected of having anti-Nazi views or of having betrayed military secrets to their captors. There were several cases at camps in Britain of prisoners being secretly condemned to death by their fellow-prisoners and executed.

"I wish we'd remembered to tell him about that leak in the petrol can"

At the time Franz von Werra arrived at Grizedale Hall, the *Ältestenrat* comprised two Luftwaffe general staff officers, Major Willibald Fanelsa and Hauptmann Helmut Pohle, and a U-boat commander, Kapitänleutnant Werner Lott. Fanelsa had arrived at the camp only a few days before von Werra. He had been shot down while trying out a new German aid to target location in a small raid on Coventry.

Pohle was one of the R.A.F.'s first victims of the war. A personal friend of Goering, he had demanded on capture that Berlin be telephoned and asked to send a Red Cross plane to pick him up. Instead, he was sent to the Tower of London, at that time used as an interrogation centre.

Lott had made the first attempt to escape from Grizedale Hall, but he did not succeed in getting beyond the inner ring of barbed wire entanglements surrounding the camp.

Within ten days of arriving at Grizedale Hall von Werra had devised a plan for a solo escape. He worked out the details and completed the preparations as far as he could, and then asked Major Fanelsa for permission to submit the scheme to the *Ältestenrat* for "official approval."

He was told to report to the senior officer's room that evening. On his way there he noted that two prisoners were on sentry duty in the corridor outside the room. The three members of the *Ältestenrat*, Major Fanelsa, Hauptmann Pohle and Kapitänleutnant Lott, were already present.

"First of all," said Major Fanelsa, "we should tell you that in our opinion there is little possibility of a successful escape at the present time. Kapitänleutnant Lott's attempt to escape was made when conditions were very much more favourable and it had been prepared down to the last detail. Since then, the guard has been doubled and new security measures have been introduced—for example, the barbed wire fences are now floodlit at night.

"Kapitänleutnant Lott, Hauptmann Pohle and other officers have tried constantly to devise some new means of escape. Dozens of plans have been submitted to them. All had to be rejected outright as hairbrained and impracticable, or shelved until a more favourable moment arrives to put them into practice. If you have a sound scheme we will do everything in our power to help you—otherwise, we can give you neither help nor permission to proceed."

"If you will permit, sir," said von Werra, "I should like to explain my plan. As you know, gentlemen, three or four mornings a week a party of twenty-four prisoners, escorted by four armed guards at the front, four at the rear, a sergeant on horseback and one officer on foot in charge, is taken out of the camp at half-past ten for exercise along the road. . . ."

The party never knew beforehand whether it would be marched to the north, uphill and over a bleak moor, or to the south, downhill and through a little village.

Whichever route was taken, the procedure which followed was similar. The prisoners were marched at a smart pace for about half-a-mile to a selected bend in the road. Here they were halted, rested for ten minutes, and then marched back to the camp. The halt was made at a bend in the road because that made it easier to keep an eye on the party.

"I have been on all the marches, both to the north and the south, since I have been here," said von Werra. "The prisoners march in eight ranks of three abreast. The sergeant rides continually up and down and round

GREATNESS—6

The pages of History are full of the names of great men. They have always been a nuisance.

Sir Patrick Hastings

the column. However, it is possible for prisoners to change ranks without being spotted. I have moved from near the back of the column to its head and back again without being noticed.

"I believe the point where the halt is made on the southern route offers a great opportunity for one man to escape during the rest period."

The place was just beyond the little village. There was a wood which rose steeply off the right-hand side of the road; on the left was flat meadowland. Along the edge of the wood was a sharp right-hand turn in the road. On the meadow side a wall stretched southwards into the distance. The wall was breast high on the road side. It was finished off with a row of stones placed on end, so that the top was jagged. The level of the meadow was lower than the level of the road.

As soon as the party reached the bend in the road, the mounted sergeant always shouted, "Halt!" The prisoners then moved over to the wall to rest. Some leaned against it, and those who had coats lay them on the jagged stones and sat on top.

Immediately the party halted, the four guards at each end of the column moved across to the opposite side of the road, from where it was easier to keep the whole group of prisoners under observation. There was a huge boulder on the wooded side opposite the spot where the party rested. The mounted sergeant took up a position in front of this boulder, or near it, so that he, too, could keep an eye on the prisoners.

"Thus, all the guards are on one side of the road, and the prisoners on the other," said von Werra. "*The rear of the party—the meadow side of the wall—is not covered by the guards.*

"Although a long stretch of the road can be seen to the south from the bend, only one of the two sets of four guards can see it. Moreover, it has a blind spot. About fifty yards south from the bend, the road dips and twists at the same point. If a man could drop unseen from the wall into the meadow, he could run along behind the wall to the blind spot in the road, climb over into the road and cross into the woods opposite without coming once into the guards' field of view.

"Can this be done? Gentlemen, I'm sure it can. I have already tried it out to the point of lying out flat on top of the wall without being seen."

VON WERRA outlined his plan. As soon as the party was halted, two men would drape their coats side by side on the top of the wall. Von Werra would be surrounded by eight of the tallest and heaviest prisoners, who would completely screen him from the guards. Keeping as low as possible, he would climb on to the wall and lie on the coats, which would be needed to prevent any loose stones from being dislodged.

One of the eight men would give him a dig with his elbow the moment the guards' attention had been momentarily distracted by four other prisoners. This would be the signal for him to drop into the meadow. He would wait at the base of the wall for a moment in case any of the guards had spotted him. If everything appeared to be normal, he would be given a verbal signal to proceed.

As far as the actual operation of getting over the wall into the meadow was concerned, there was only one snag. It was the mounted sergeant, who would probably be directly opposite von Werra on the other side of the road. Being on horseback, he might be able to detect some movement behind the shoulders of the men forming the screen at the moment von Werra got on to the wall. But several of the prisoners were in the habit of admiring and patting the sergeant's horse before the party had left camp, and again after they had got back in. One, in particular, was known to the sergeant as a keen horseman.

"Today, to test the sergeant's reactions," said von Werra, "I got this prisoner to cross the road to pat the horse immediately the halt was called. This had never happened before, but the sergeant let the prisoner make a fuss of the animal for about a minute before telling him to go to the other side of the road. Meanwhile, the rider's attention was distracted from the prisoners. There is no reason why this should not happen again."

Von Werra pointed out one other hazard—a telephone box on the roadside between the village and the camp. No roster of prisoners taking part in walks was prepared, and there was no roll call during the rest period; only numerical checks were made. The prisoners were counted before leaving the camp, and again on their return. The sergeant made two further checks while they were marching; one on the outward trip and the other coming back. The check on the inward march usually took place as the party was moving off after the rest period—or, at the latest, before it passed back through the village.

The danger was that the sergeant would discover that one prisoner was missing and ride ahead to the telephone box to warn the camp. This would result in the mobile search party

being sent out and the anti-escape machinery set in motion long before the party of prisoners got back to the camp. It was therefore essential for the prisoners to try to confuse the counting for as long as possible after the return journey had been started. This could be done by the continual movement of men from rank to rank.

In the circumstances, von Werra continued, it was not possible for him to carry any kind of rucksack. What little he could take with him he would have to carry in his pockets. He proposed to take his shaving kit, so as not to present a scruffy and suspicious appearance if he succeeded in reaching a west coast port to stow away in a neutral ship or to get to Ireland. He would also carry soap, towel and a pair of socks.

Food was the principal difficulty. He had saved chocolate to carry as iron rations; for the rest, he would have to rely on his wits and the little English money he had managed to acquire.

Though rainfall in Lancashire was heavy at that time of year, he would have to travel quickly. Therefore, he believed that any kind of greatcoat or raincoat would be more of a hindrance than a help. He had acquired a small home-made compass, and one of the prisoners, who was a draughtsman in civilian life, had drawn him a map of the area and part of Northern Ireland.

"One other thing, gentlemen," said von Werra, "I should like to take with me some notes, written in miniature, of the information which I have picked up since I was taken prisoner."

There was a moment's silence as he finished speaking. Then Major Fanelsa said: "I see you have given the matter very careful thought. The way you presented it, the plan sounds feasible enough, but I do not know the place. Lott, you know it—what are your views?"

"I have no hesitation in saying that Werra's plan is by far the best that has so far been laid before us," said Lott. "I am wholeheartedly in favour of giving him permission to make the attempt the next time the exercise party is marched south. As the Herr Major knows, my most secret and valuable possession is a large-scale British map of the area. I suggest this be made available to Werra to study and have copied."

"I agree with Lott," Hauptmann Pohle said. "I'm in favour of letting Werra try, and I think we should give him all the help we can."

LOTT said to von Werra: "The country between here and the coast is extremely hard going. It's a switchback of hills and dales the whole way. The hills are high and bleak, and your only cover will be the stone walls, which you will find everywhere. You will have to climb over hundreds of them. The sides of some of the valleys are strewn with rocks and boulders. You will also have to walk through stretches of swampy land and to wade or swim across rivers.

"By the time you reach the coast your appearance might easily give you away. It is therefore essential that you wear the toughest possible clothing. There is a U-boat officer in the camp who has a pair of long leather trousers hidden away. I think we could arrange to let you have them —they would be ideal for your purpose —and perhaps also a leather jerkin."

"I think it's time to tell you about some of the other things you will be up against," said Major Fanelsa. "It seems that the British think that we will drop paratroops in this area in the event of an invasion. We understand that there is one battalion in Windermere and another in Ulverston, some twelve miles south of here. So you will see that apart from guards from the camp, the police and the Home Guard, there are large numbers of troops at hand to join in the hunt for you."

Lott got up and went to the panelled wall of the room. He took a table knife from his pocket and, with it, carefully removed first the beading round the panel and then the panel itself. The parts came away easily, as though they had often been removed before. From the cache behind the panel, Lott took a folded map.

Von Werra was delighted by the concealed cache, but the map was a disappointment. It was a tattered negative photostatic copy, and was very faint.

"You don't know the worst, yet, Werra," said Lott, as he spread the map over the table. "In the event of an escape a mobile search party of at least fifty men can be sent out at once. They will throw a cordon round the whole area. The fact that we are in between two long parallel lakes, Coniston Water and Windermere, running north to south, makes the task of encirclement much easier. A river runs south from each lake and these rivers converge on the coast, so that to all intents and purposes we are on a peninsula.

"Your best plan is to keep to the hills and avoid villages and farmhouses like the plague. Rest during the day and travel at night."

Two days later, at 2 p.m. on Monday, October 7, 1940, Franz von Werra and twenty-three other German officers, led by Hauptmann Pohle, set out on a route march from Grizedale Hall. Major Fanelsa had asked the camp commandant to change the time of the walks from 10.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. as in the morning they interfered with the educational classes at the camp. The real reason was that by escaping in the afternoon instead of the morning, von Werra would have only three hours instead of seven hours to wait for nightfall, when he could move with greater security.

The prisoners were escorted by one British officer, two n.c.o.s—one of them mounted—and seven men.

The party turned southwards at the camp gates—the order being given, according to a pre-arranged plan, by Hauptmann Pohle. The leading guards never suspected that a German had given the order, and obediently wheeled to the left.

The party passed through the village of Satterthwaite, and ten minutes later approached High Bowkerstead corner, where the halt was always made. As soon as von Werra turned the bend and looked southwards down the road, his heart fell.

The unforeseen had happened. On all the outings he had made from the camp, he had seen only a few people and hardly ever a car or lorry; but now, about a quarter of a mile away, coming towards them, was a man with a horse and cart.

The party halted. The guard took up position, the prisoners moved across to the wall, the sergeant halted his horse at the side of the big boulder on the opposite side of the road, and the officer stood nearby. The prisoner detailed to distract the sergeant's attention by moving across the road to pat the horse was instantly ordered back.

Von Werra dared not move because the man with the horse and cart would have seen him on the meadow side of the wall. However, he got into position and waited, sick with suspense and frustration. The minutes of the rest period ticked by. The horse and cart approached the bend with maddening slowness.

As the cart drew nearer, von Werra saw that it was loaded with fruit and vegetables. The driver was the local greengrocer.

Instead of ruining von Werra's plan, he helped it, for when he reached the party on the bend he provided the perfect distraction. As the cart drew level, von Werra hoisted himself on to the wall, keeping as low as possible, and stretched himself out on his back on the coats covering the loose stones.

HE was completely hidden behind his carefully grouped companions. After a moment an elbow nudged him urgently. Simultaneously, he rolled over and dropped into the meadow, landing neatly on his hands and toes. It worked perfectly. No sound was heard above the loud chattering of the prisoners. Not a stone was dislodged.

With the officer's permission, the mounted sergeant stopped the greengrocer and bought some eating apples, one of which he gave to his horse. Some of the other guards also bought fruit. By the time the transactions were completed and the greengrocer had moved off, there were only about two of the ten minutes' rest period left.

The sergeant ordered the column to re-form. The guards took up their positions at the head and rear. As the order to march was about to be given, there were sounds of cries coming from a long way down the road to the south. In the distance, nearly half a mile away, two women were running along the road, shouting and waving their handkerchiefs.

Looking back, the guards and prisoners could see only the heads and waving handkerchiefs of the women above the wall. With great presence of mind, Hauptmann Pohle waved in reply and other prisoners followed suit.

The officer and the sergeant immediately ordered the prisoners to stop waving. Muttering darkly about women who waved to prisoners, the sergeant ordered the column to march, and it disappeared round the corner on the way back to the camp.

The women were not waving to the prisoners, but to the guards. They were trying to draw their attention to the escaped prisoner who was running on all fours along the meadow side of the wall.

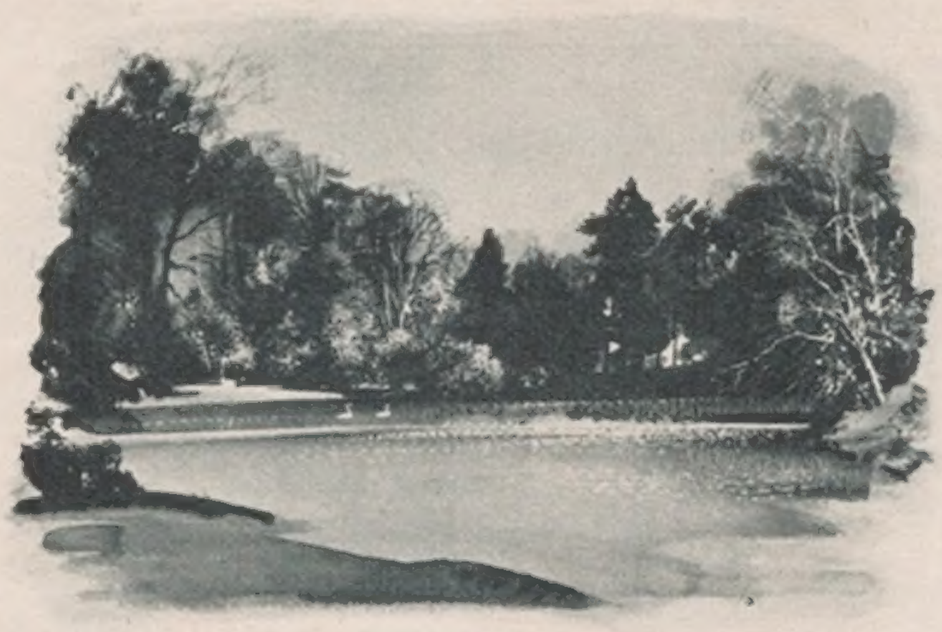
NEXT WEEK: Bloodhounds hunt an invisible man

"The One That Got Away" is published as a book by Collins and Michael Joseph at 16s.

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



The beloved princess found happiness at Claremont—but it was not to last

IN 1816 Princess Charlotte, the only child of the Prince Regent and eventual heir to the throne, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. She was a healthy, high-spirited girl, as popular as her father and his reprobate brothers were unpopular.

The handsome young couple went to live at Claremont, near Esher, which Parliament had purchased for them. Their married life opened with unalloyed happiness.

Both Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold spent much of their time planting rare trees and shrubs in the grounds and building a Gothic tea-house on a terrace overlooking the lake.

In the autumn of 1817 the Princess was expecting her first child. Great was the jubilation of her countrymen. It was speedily turned to sorrow. On November 5 the people were staggered to learn that, owing to the bungling of too many doctors, their beloved Princess had given birth to a stillborn son and had died.

The poor Prince, later to become the first King of the Belgians, was overwhelmed with grief. Sadly he converted the tea-house into a mausoleum to his young wife and placed a bust inside it to her memory. Years later he frequently had his favourite niece, the young Princess Victoria, later to become Queen, to spend her holidays with him at Claremont.

Many distinguished people have lived at Claremont since 1708 when Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect and dramatist, built himself a house on the property. With his keen eye for landscape Vanbrugh was drawn to the spot by its natural beauty.

Six years later, however, he sold it to a rich friend, the Earl of Clare, who later was made the Duke of Newcastle and became Prime Minister in 1754.

Vanbrugh rebuilt the house on more spacious lines for Newcastle. He was immensely proud of his new creation. When an important client announced his intention of visiting Claremont, Vanbrugh wrote to the duke: "I have done all I can to prevent his coming till the work is quite done; that it may Stair in his face, and knock him down at Once."

Newcastle's widow sold the estate to Lord Clive, the founder of the British Empire in India. He promptly set about rebuilding the house and remodelling the grounds. His house still stands and his gardens, now National Trust property, remain very much as he left them.

How to get there: Claremont is at Esher, Surrey. *Open:* Claremont Woods only—8 a.m. (9 a.m. at weekends and Bank Holidays) to half an hour before sunset.

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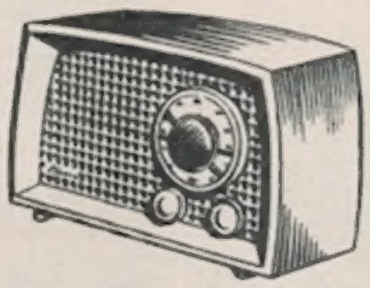

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Drums Of War	Got Left Behind
They Talked And Talked, But	In The Excitement
Oodles Of Oil	Bone Of Contention
In The Car Factory	The Best Of It Is
Human Dynamo	Nearly Killed Grandpa
Started A Row	By Force
To Speed Up Sales	Rocking The Boat
Pretty Kettle Of Fish	Long Overdue
Heartening	If The World Stood Still

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. (Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated October 20.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 27, for early news of No. 2,060 result.)

POST ENTRY

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